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THE RIOTS FULLY ILLUSTRATED.

The National
POLICE GAZETTE
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1884.

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Price Ten Cents.



DEAD IN HIS SWEETHEART'S ARMS.

HOW ONE SHOT IN THE GREAT CINCINNATI RIOTS BROKE OFF A WEDDING IN HIGH LIFE AND SENT A PRETTY GIRL INTO MOURNING.



RICHARD K. FOX, - - Editor and Proprietor.
POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Sq. and Dover St., N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, April 19, 1884.

AN EYE-OPENER!

With Fox's Illustrated Week's Doings,
NO. 52, OUT APRIL 5,

THE ANNIVERSARY NUMBER,

A PICTORIAL SUPPLEMENT

Is Presented Representing RAPID LIFE IN NEW
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only papers published by RICHARD K. FOX
are the above. Buy them, and you will not be
deceived or disappointed.

No. 52 Fox's Illustrated Week's Doings—great,
grand, glorious, and don't you forget it.

KATE FIELD now wants to be cremated. Cre-
mate away, Kitty, we have no objections.

THEY will probably have more law, as well as
more order, in Cincinnati for awhile now.

GEN. BUTLER has had a word to say on the
tariff, but the tariff will stand it, we guess.

THE Rev. Miln says he is tired of acting. So
is the public, as far as the Rev. Miln is con-
cerned.

ANOTHER steamship line with Europe has
been established. It belongs to foreigners, of
course.

CLARET-DRINKING is going out of fashion in
London. It don't make you drunk quick
enough.

THE great anniversary and supplement num-
ber of Fox's Illustrated Week's Doings is 52.
Get it, and be happy.

It is a pity the lawyers whose chicanery
brought the trouble about were not among the
dead of the Cincinnati riots.

CHICAGO is to have a stock theatre. The
company to match the house ought to be re-
cruited from the stock-yards.

A CALICO party on roller-skates is now the
cheese in society. Idioty is evidently on the
increase in our upper suckles.

THE New York cabmen say the cheap cab
system is a failure. Its chief failing seems to be
that it don't swindle the public.

AMBROSE GRUTTLERBUM cut his throat here
yesterday. If he had cut his name off first his
obituary would have read better.

A WASHINGTON MARKET butcher treats all his
customers on April 1 to fried sweetbreads as a
free lunch. He does a terrific business once a
year.

THE Western Union Telegraph Company has
another rival. Another consolidation will be
next in order. Get the old stock-watering pump
ready again.

WALT WHITMAN is yawning about the white
elephant. He says he will yank that prize, or
Barnum will know the reason why.

THE seventh edition of Fox's Illustrated
Week's Doings, No. 52, is now on the press. Send
for a copy before the plates are worn out.

ANOTHER aquatic lunatic is going to cross the
Atlantic in a dory. He is going to row, and his
only companion will be a cat. We pity the cat.

A WALL STREET speculator has retired with
his pockets full. He is the first Wall street op-
erator on record who knew when he had
enough.

THE Prince of Wales has been speaking be-
fore the Institute of Agriculture, at Sydenham,
in favor of ensilage, and Mary Anderson is be-
coming jealous.

MRS. LANGTRY is practicing pedestrianism
out West. She wants to be ready against the
time when her manager skips with the funds
and she has to walk home.

SOME idea of the opinion they have of Mul-
doon & Co. out in San Francisco may be formed
from the fact that *Music and Drama* asks:
"What will be the next gigantic swindle at the
Pavilion?" Ask Muldoon, brother. He can
tell if he will.

THE San Francisco papers, describing the
gathering of the Kikaly troupe in the California
theatre on their arrival recently, say they
looked like a gang of immigrants and tramps.
They must have looked like what they were,
then. A Kikaly troupe which was not com-
posed of tramps would be sufficient of a
curiosity to be worth a place in the Eden Mu-
seum.

A SHEENEY curbstome broker, who married his
boarding-mistress and swindled a fortune out
of the street, has managed to get himself and
his wife presented to the Queen of England.
When her Majesty found out who he was she
declined the honor of a further acquaintanceship,
and now he wants us to go to war and
avenge the insult. At least that is what he
calls it. Another name for it over here is cold
gail.

THE merchants of New York are one and all
astonished to hear that there have been under-
valuations in the Custom-house, and say they
wonder who can have been guilty of them.
They will probably know a little less about
the matter still when they see the list of names.
It is astonishing how ignorant a man can be
when it pays him to be so, and how virtuous he
is until he is found out.

It looks as if it were going to be a cold sum-
mer for the law-breakers of New York. The
police and the private societies seem to have
got to work at last. A raid on the pool-sellers
is the latest moral outbreak on the cards. It is
a pity the reformers couldn't find some more
serious evil to fall foul of. There are enough of
them here without rendering it necessary to
make the pool-sellers the scapegoats for worse
offenders.

ONE of the Madison Square actresses has gone
blind through the strain her part subjected her
to. It is a wonder all the Madison Square ar-
tists, so called, don't go blind, crazy, or commit
suicide, considering the drivel they have to go
through with. They probably would if they
had any brains to be affected. But nature has
been kind to them in limiting their capacities
in that direction to the amount of intelligence
required to prompt them to go in when it rains.

THE pictorial portion of the POLICE GAZETTE
this week illustrates the capabilities of a great
newspaper on an occasion of emergency. If
our pictures of the great riots are excelled any-
where we will pay a reward for proof to that
effect. With such artists as we can command
the services of it is only a matter of course that
we should be equal to any occasion, however.
Let the next one come along, and we will treat
it as well as we have the little picnic our Cin-
cinnati friends have just been treating them-
selves to.

THE daily papers are doing a good deal of
moralizing over the Cincinnati riots. But all
the moralizing in the world won't wipe out the
reality that the riots were caused by the fact that
justice did not get a fair show in the Queen City.
To save a lot of murderers, the authorities
slaughtered double their number of good citi-
zens. This is the truth, and you can't get over
it with all the sophistry the most ingenious in-
vention is capable of. Now, let Cincinnati
string the murderers up, and the riot will not
have been in vain.

MARK TWAIN's friends made a fool of him on
April 1. The task was not a difficult one, how-
ever.

ONE of the Berner jury has already skipped
from Cincinnati. Having saved the murderer's
neck, he now wants to save his own.

THE Mexicans are afraid that Congress will
want to annex them to the United States. It
strikes us the uneasiness ought to be on the side
of the United States.

CHARLES READE is reported to be dying, and
some one else will soon have a chance to steal
stories from the French, and blackguard the
man who says they are not original.

ANOTHER American woman has married a
foreign prince. She is worth her millions, of
course, but she won't be worth them after she
has been princess for a year or two.

FULTON COUNTY, this State, according to a
contemporary, "has given birth to three calves
—two heifers and a bull—of extraordinary size."
Some one ought to buy Fulton county and go
into the breeding business.

GERHARD is on deck again. This time it is
not as a masquer, but as a liar and a coward—at
least so James Boggs Livingston, Esq. (don't
forget the Boggs whatever you do) says, and as
James Boggs Livingston, Esq., belongs to the
Union Club and keeps a prize bull-dog, he
couldn't tell a lie, of course.

THAT prize assemblage of champion imbec-
iles, the Pot Luck Club, made its annual fool
of itself last week. All the literary dudes and
mush-brained *litterateurs*, so called, of our
metropolitan mutual admiration Gilder-Cen-
tury Society, gathered for a bad free lunch in
the house of a female member and poured their
rot out by the yard in the bad old style. The
affair was extensively reported in the papers,
of course. It always is, but no description has
ever done it justice yet. Any account that did
would read like a description of a shindy at
Bloomingdale or Ward's Island.

HISTORY AND TRUTH.

The immense success of the series of revela-
tions of the late war now running in the Po-
lice GAZETTE has exceeded even our sanguine
anticipations. Read and quoted everywhere,
these remarkable papers have created an im-
pression as profound as any of the more pre-
tentious and less reliable histories on whose
worthlessness from a standpoint of fact they
reflect.

"Contraband News" is exactly what it pur-
ports to be—a series of gleanings and scraps
from the note-books of one of the most brilliant
of the war correspondents the New York press
sent out. The observations and facts it em-
bodies are founded on actual experience, and
they show how even in a republic the iron heel
of a political despotism can trample upon
truth, and justice can be overridden by martial
law.

But truth, crushed to earth, will rise again
and, though at a late day, make her voice
widely and potentially heard. Such is the case
with "Contraband News," and the great Ameri-
can public is listening.

READ THIS!

The bill that passed the Mississippi Legisla-
ture to prevent the sale of immoral and obscene
literature in this State is undoubtedly a good
bill, but if it was meant to suppress the POLICE
GAZETTE and similar publications it is void on
account of uncertainty. Just what immoral
literature is must, under this law, be a question
for the jury to decide, and the line cannot be
drawn on the POLICE GAZETTE or any other
paper, because a newspaper that refuses to give
its readers an account of murders, rapes, arsons
and other sensational crimes as they transpire,
would not and ought not to receive the patron-
age of the public they were meant to inform,
and if it is unlawful for one paper to publish it,
it is unlawful for another. To pass a law de-
claring that the *Police News* or POLICE GAZETTE
should not be sold in Mississippi, would be
clearly and undeniably in direct conflict with the
Constitution of the United States. It is, perhaps,
a bad paper and wields a bad influence, but the
right way and the only way to banish its per-
nicious presence from the pales of the State is
for a virtuous public to refuse its patronage.
The law that allows it here is but best a permis-
sive law, and nobody is forced to read it or to
subscribe to it unless they want to. The passage
of the law is an advertisement for those papers
it meant to suppress, and the notoriety is worth
more to the publishers than the lawsuit that it
will entail upon the State will cost them.—*Mer-
iden (Miss.) Mercury.*

SOME FUNNY BUSINESS.

Scintillations of Humor and Alleged Wit
Culled from Many Sources.

A TIGHT place—a saloon.
How to make money fast: Nail a dollar to
the counter.

THE best chest protector: Fifty cents to the
baggage-master.

ROSEBUD dinner parties are all the rage. The
rosebuds make the din, not the dinner.

THERE is a chance for a new poem, beginning
"What is that, Mother? 'Tis the sun, my child."

A LAD who started for Texas to become a cow-
boy returned in three weeks a perfectly cowed boy.

BATTER is the name of a tenor singer in a New
York choir. He is occasionally put out by the first
bass.

AN exchange speaks of "Limburger by the
top." We have frequently seen Limburger by the
Teuton.

It is one of the inconsistencies of life that we
throw bouquets at the soprano and bootjacks at the
Tom-cat.

"MAN over-board!" exclaimed the office boy
as his boss vainly endeavored to refute the argument
of a book agent.

"DON'T be afraid!" said a snob to a German
laborer. "Sit down and make yourself my equal." "I
would have to blow my brains out," was the reply of the
Teuton.

"WHAT a shocking preacher our new minister
is!" "Shocking preacher? Why, I thought him very
eloquent." "Yes. So do I; *electrifies* his hearers, you
know."

ABOUT this time the dude resurrects his old
soft hat of three years ago, brushes off the cobwebs,
knocks in the top, caves in the sides and calls it his
"Fedora."

A BALTIMORE girl who called for a pair of ear
muffs, was indignant when the clerk went and hauled
down a couple of fur circulars, and told her they didn't
have any half sizes.

"You can lead a horse to the water, but you
can't make him drink," says the old saw. You
couldn't make some men drink either if you took
them to a hydrant.

"Yes," said an Ohio man, "I believe in com-
pulsory education. Make the children go to school
every day, Saturdays included. If they want to play,
Sunday is time enough."

A DUDE, told by his mother to write a letter
of condolence to a lady in affliction, said: "I am aw-
fully sorry your husband is dead and I hope the fun-
eral will be a brilliant success!"

It is very desirable to be a good reader. A
clergyman is said to have once read the following pas-
sage from the Bible, with the emphasis thus: "And
the old man said unto his sons, saddle me the ass: and
they saddled him!"

"Do your people keep Lent?" asked the kind
lady. "Oh, yes," responded the tramp, "and anything
else they can get their hands on." We know this gag
was original with St. Chrysostom, but it's the freshest
one of the kind extant.

"JIMMY, where were you yesterday evening?"
"Well, the first part of the evening I tied a pack of
firecrackers to our dog's tail, and he ran under the
smoke-house and set it afire, and then pa and me went
off on a whaling expedition."

A CURE for spring fever which works excel-
lently with a man is to have a young woman with her
features concealed by a veil speak to him on the street.
He'll forget all about being tired and follow her miles
if necessary, to catch a glimpse of her face.

A LADY stepped into the sanctum this morn-
ing and said sweetly: "Will you be kind enough to let
me look at the *Christian at Work*?" The house editor
blushed a little, but had the presence of mind to say:
"Certainly, madame; what can I do for you?"

A LADY reader writes to say that she has been
losing her hair recently and wants to know what she
shall do to prevent it. Either keep your bureau
drawer locked or else discharge the bird girl and get
another of a complexion differing from yours.

At the annual dinner of Sorosis in New York
on Monday, Mrs. Croly, the president, in offering the
toast "The Woman Martyrs," said that "the martyr-
dom of woman was an unspoken agony." Anything
"unspeakable" must be a great agony to a woman,
that's a fact.

A NEW YORK type-setter has "set 2,940 ems in
one hour." That is not much of a feat. A Pittsburg
type-setter, who is poor but honest, and has been en-
gaged to a girl for eight years, has "set" with the
same Em 2,040 hours, not including Sunday evenings
and legal holidays.

OLD Mr. Topeasy fell overboard. He was
fished out and sent home, and while tearfully recount-
ing his misfortunes to his wife he said: "I swallowed
about a gallon of water." "Then you know what it
tastes like at last," returned Mrs. T. He wished he
had been drowned.

A RHODE ISLAND man has married his step-
mother's sister. Of course, as his wife is now his aunt
he will be uncle to his own offspring should he have
any, and his children will have to be his first cousins.
Some of these days one of these odd marriages will
mix a family up so that a man will become uncle to
his own father-in-law.

AN *attache* of a western paper the other day
heard a skilled vocalist sing "Walt Till the Clouds Roll
By." She rendered it:

"Wah tah the claw raw baw, Jawy:
Wah tah the claw raw baw;
Jawy, ma aw traw law wah,
Wah tah the claw raw baw."

We understand that the listener went and took an
emetic as quick as he could.

"It is stated," said a Philadelphia girl, to a
New York young lady, as they gazed with awe and ad-
miration at the towering form of Jumbo, "that three
times around an elephant's foot is exactly the measure
of his height." "So I understand." "Do you think a
similar measurement around my foot would equal my
height?" asked the Philadelphia girl. "I certainly do;
but the calculation would show that you are taller
than Jumbo."

STAGE WHISPERS.

Merry Mutterings of the Stiffs and Guys of the Profesh.

Scandalizing One Another as Usual—The Few Good Grains in the Bushel of Chaff.

MAYO.—Frank Mayo's son, Edwin F., returns to the stage next week.

HOPKINS.—So poor old Dan Hopkins has been gathered in. Well, well!

DOWAGER.—There are no more "old women" on the stage nowadays. They are "dowagers."

OLDEST.—Counock is said to be the oldest actor on the American stage, and Lotta the oldest actress.

MEYER.—Mucous Meyer and Jimmy Palser are going to star with Irving next year. We congratulate all three.

MILN.—There is a fearsome rumor that the Milns of the gods are grinding slowly and exceedingly small in regard to salary.

DRORAK.—"Drorak talks of an American tour." Who is Drorak, anyhow, and where the deuce did he pick up his name?

MORRIS.—Clara Morris is said to have made \$25,000 this season. Spine or no spine, Clara contrives to collar the moola every time.

BERNHARDT.—Sarah is working up her advertising for next year. She has got a lame Russian bear which she takes out walking.

JARBOE.—The case of the people vs. Jarboe is on the calendar. It is said that the Jarboe alluded to is father of the enchanting Wenonah.

MOULTON.—A very nice, agreeable and quick-witted little fellow is Gus Moulton, who is agent of Thatcher, Primrose & West's Minstrels.

SENSIBLE.—Dick Wooley and the Hanlons have very wisely settled their difficulty in an amicable manner. All hands are to be congratulated.

ULMAR.—Geraldine Ulmar, the charming and clever soprano of the Boston Ideals, is going to leave the stage and marry a rich young stock-broker.

GAYLER.—Charley Gayler's new play, "The Seven Ravens," will be first produced at Niblo's Garden, and then transferred to the Boston theatre.

SACRIFICE.—"Her Sacrifice," at the New Park theatre, is another version of "The Shadow of a Crime," price 15 cents, French's acting addition.

TEMPLETON.—Fay Templeton has produced her new opera. It is entitled, "Cupid and Cupidity." Her new husband has not been heard from so far.

COOK.—The Rev. Joe Cook has apparently joined the "profession." The Philadelphia papers notice his lectures under the head of "Amusements."

ENQUIRER.—The Cincinnati Enquirer keeps on cribbing the POLICE GAZETTE Stage Whispers without a word of credit. Clever but frugal Enquirer.

NADJEZDA.—It is said that Nadjezda is a dramatization of William Black's amazing Communist novel, "Sunrise." But we don't believe it all the same.

GILLETTE.—That extraordinary person, "Professor" Gillette, is to be once more inflicted upon the country in his astounding "comedy." It is tough, very tough.

CURTIS.—Another row in the Curtis camp. George Curtis, M. B.'s brother, who was treasurer of the party, has made a break for freedom, and resigned.

ABBOTT.—Emma Abbott recently appeared in Salt Lake City. The Mormons, after taking a good look at her, dropped all idea of trying to proselytize her. No wonder.

HAWK.—It is quite a shock to one's nervous system to learn that Minnie Hawk has joined a variety company as serio-comic balladist. Still, it is just about what she is fit for.

COLLIER.—Jim Collier is accused of a wild desire to return to the stage. He threatens to break out at the Union Square. Too bad. Jim is one of the best fellows in the world.

MAPLESON.—The "Kerunel" was fined \$50 in San Francisco for overcrowding the Grand Opera House. He says, with a grin, that he isn't often guilty of the offense. Not much.

HOYT.—The out-of-town correspondents are trying desperately to "boom" Charley Hoyt's "Rag Baby." The "Baby," however, seems to be a still-born theatrical consideration.

PUPPY.—Mrs. Langtry's pet dog is having its portrait painted by a Chicago lady artist. The Chicago lady artist says, in the strictest confidence, that this particular dog is not named Freddie.

SUTHERLAND.—The long-haired Sutherland sisters will go with Cole's circus this summer. The long-eared Frederick Paulding will pursue his nefarious and mind-destroying career elsewhere.

BLAND.—Edith Bland is going to leave us. Edith is always leaving us and always coming back. Perhaps that is why we stand the shock every time with increased resignation and philosophy.

RUSSELL.—Lillian Russell, who seems to have quit eloping for a time, is said to be making money on the Continent of Europe. Little Teddie Solomon is, naturally, in ecstasies of wonder and delight.

CHIZZOLA.—Chizzola is to manage Ristori for Brooks & Dickson. It is all Wall street to a china orange that the "farewell" trip of the great tragedienne will be a hideous and maddening failure.

STETSON.—The theatrical Mascot has again had to wish for a change of luck. The failure of his management of the Arch Street Opera House in Philadelphia has resulted in his stepping down and out.

WILLIAMS.—Gus Williams has bought "Our Grubs," the play Joe Bradford wrote for Robson and Crane. There is no rumor so safe to deny as that which accuses either Robson or Crane of buying anything.

FERGUSON.—Will Ferguson has made up his quarrel with that shrewd chap, W. W. Kelly, and is once more playing in "The Friendly Tip." William gets into a snarl just about as easily as he gets it out of again.

RICE.—The managerial Mark Tapley has been brimming over with good humor during the week. He has had some of the worst business of his life during the present season, and is correspondingly happy.

DE GARMO.—Lillian De Garmo, a pretty woman, a bright actress and a virtuous lady, is dead. Death is sometimes more merciful than we suppose. It has probably saved Miss De Garmo from becoming a "star."

GUNN.—James Gunn, brother of Michael Gunn of the Gaiety theatre, Dublin, and the Savoy, London, has married the daughter of a Cork town-councilor. Michael Gunn married Bessie Ludlow. Ha! ha! ha!

OBER.—Miss Ober's sister is now advance agent of the Boston Ideals. The last advance agent of the Ideals was a bold, bad man, who fell in love with a pretty chorus girl. The sister is warranted not to do anything of the sort.

REYNOLDS.—Poor Victoria Reynolds, whom nobody wanted over here, and who is a handsome, well-educated and lady-like woman, has made a great hit in London. If she had a good manager she would pay well for "booming."

DICKSON.—Robson & Crane have engaged a new leading man, between them, in C. S. Dickson. There are moments in Robson's brilliant career when it would be money in his pocket to hire a man to lead him on his own private account.

JAMES.—Louis James and his wife have evidently quarreled with Mr. Lawrence Brannigan Barrett, or are afraid of the reception awaiting him in London, on account of his silly boast that he intended to "mash" the Princess of Wales.

TRACY.—Helen Tracy scooped in about \$25, in gold, the other evening, in Chicago. An inebriated admirer of the mining persuasion threw the cash on the stage, and they do say that Helen gathered it in with twice as much elegance as grace.

EMERSON.—Billy Emerson, the idol of San Francisco, has sold out his Standard theatre and goes on a trip round the world. This is a fearful blow to the Pacific Slopers. Minstrelsy seems to be almost as dead as Italian opera. So it ought to be.

CIRCASSIA.—Isn't it about time the dime museums dropped the silly, beer-dregged, frizzle-headed "Circassian lady" humbug? Why doesn't somebody start some new "roast"? This "Circassian" foolery is as dead as Nebuchadnezzar.

WELBY.—Bertha Welby has been found. She is in an excellent state of preservation, and could easily be recognized by her friends. The remains will be displayed, as usual, at twenty-five cents a head—unless interfered with by local coroners.

MAPLESON.—Charley Mapleson had one of his coats stolen by the son of the janitor of the Academy of Music. He promptly repudiated the garment when the pawnbroker in whose shop it was found said that he had only lent a dollar, and a half on it.

FEDORA.—Fanny Davenport, is not making the money she expected outside New York. The POLICE GAZETTE announced that "Fedora" would turn out a strictly "big city" success, and the POLICE GAZETTE, as usual, was dead right. Poor Fanny!

WILLIAMS.—Marie Williams is to return to this country with the Vokes family. If we are not mistaken in the lady, Marie Williams is the proud possessor of an autograph letter signed George Washington, which says she was a highly-respectable old person in 1779.

CLARK.—John Clark, otherwise Sig. Brocolini, is to marry Miss Holt, of the Grand Opera Company, in Cincinnati. Clark-Brocolini's first wife, a beautiful woman, is now the spouse of one Carlos Florentine, and she and Florentine are both members of the Salvation Army.

GOODWIN.—Little Frankie Goodwin, The Boy-Manager-With-The-Gray-Hair, says that he will manage the Harriott-Morris combination next season. He is quite a nice little lad, is Frankie, and will probably make enough money to buy himself a real nice new baseball bat.

REIFFARTH.—Jennie Reiffarth, one of the few, the very few, women who have a sense of humor and can express it on the stage, has joined John Stetson's forces. It is a pity that John changes his company so frequently, for the fair and frolicsome Jennie deserves a good show.

BARRETT.—Larry Barrett sailed for Europe with his wife and daughter on the 19th of March. Louis James and Marie Wainwright sailed on the 20th. Catch Lorenzo the Magnificent allowing such poor white trash as a member of his company to sail on the same steamer with himself. Scarcely.

THATCHER.—George Thatcher made himself rather conspicuous at the Hoffman House, recently, by threatening to clean out the cafe. His admirable purpose, however, was thwarted by some injudicious friends. George, who is a pretty smart fellow, was "played for a sucker," as the phrase goes.

MANTELL.—The real reason for Bob Mantell's secession from the Fedora company has just come out. His wife travels with him, and has put her foot down on his playing such a "mash" part. She says she has to sit up all night reading his letters, and the strain on her nerves is slowly but surely killing her.

SCANDAL.—What a dull time the police magistrates would have if it were not for the scandals contributed by the profession! Every week at least three actors or actresses illuminate the tedious records of Jefferson Market, with outrageous accusations against each other. It is a queer world, the theatrical.

COGHLAN.—Rose Coghlan seems to have a good deal more sense than most people credit her with. She is going abroad and will not return to New York in years. Agnes Elliott will remain, however. There is no such thing as perfect happiness anywhere—otherwise Agnes would go, too.

WILDE.—The Madison Square theatre, which seems to be going, in a mild way, into the freak's business, has engaged Oscar Wilde and his bride as attractions for next season. Oscar now curls his hair, and wears a mustache and pantaloons. He is likely to prove more of a success as a "freak" than as an attraction.

BROWN.—"Col. Allston Brown, U. S. A.," visited Menken's grave and found a wreath on it when he was in Paris recently. This is very important, and we hasten to offer Paris, the grave of Menken and "Col. Allston Brown, U. S. A.," our heartiest felicitations. The Colonel was a gallant soldier in—well, never mind what war.

MEXICO.—In Mexico the bandits are much addicted to murdering circus performers for the sake of robbing the corpses. The "haul" is sometimes quite considerable. There is no case on record, however, of a "Greaser" bandit going through a "society drama *jeune premier*," and making more than twenty-five cents by the operation.

POND.—Anson Pond, one of the best fellows in the world, wrote a play, entitled "Her Atonement," which, in spite of the abuse of the "critics," has done extremely well on the road. The company producing it, under the alleged management of Brooks & Dickson, is about to disband. Ten to one there'll be an ugly scandal in consequence. Let's wait and see.

BARRY.—Helen Barry is said to be "trying hard to make a hit." That is why she has taken the Union Square theatre for a few weeks to produce Cazauran's "Fatal Letter." If she really wants to make a hit, with her advantages of figure and weight, why doesn't she sit down suddenly on an ordinary chair? The result would be positive.

PASTOR.—Tony Pastor's excellent Vaudeville company gave a private performance, the other evening, at William H. Vanderbilt's magnificent mansion. The veteran Frank Girard was one of the party. Each of the performers received a new \$50 bill, and an excellent supper for his or her services. They all say that Mrs. Vanderbilt is a charming woman.

CLAIMS.—J. S. Alexander says that he is the only person entitled to play "Nobody's Claim," and threatens to sue everybody rash enough to tackle it. Joseph J. Dowling says exactly the same thing and makes precisely the same threat. It would be a good scheme to change the title of the piece to "Everybody's Claim and Nobody's Property," wouldn't it?

KEANE.—James K. Keane is an actor playing in the "Jacqueline" company. In Cleveland, last week, a sanitary policeman was detailed by the Health Officer to attend his performance. Keane got up the "gag" that this was a compliment to his "wonderfully realistic death scene." It now turns out that the sanitary policeman's visit related, in an olfactory sense, to his socks.

PERUGINI.—The fearful fact seems to have outgrown all denial that the old ladies of New York are to lose their dear Perugini at the end of the present season. A centenarian of Milan has obtained the consent of her great-grandchildren to her union with "Our Johnnie," and so he leaves us to make at least one venerable Italian happy. Dear Perugini! How we shall miss him!

TALMAGE.—The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage delivered a lecture in Grand Rapids, Mich., last week. A large audience mistook him for a comedian in consequence of the rumor having been started that he was a rival of Sol Smith Russell. His performances were heartily enjoyed, and the local newspapers expressed the opinion that he would be a valuable accession to Barnum's circus.

SIMON.—It is so seldom that one can put in a good word for the "profesh" that the POLICE GAZETTE never loses an opportunity to do so when it is in its power. A wire-walker, named Lehaire, was killed in Pence's Opera House, Minneapolis, by a fall, and all his funeral expenses were paid by the manager, one A. H. Simon. It is safe to bet that there are not many Simons in "the show business."

ROSENBAUM-LEAVITT.—The theatrical profession is wild with excitement to learn what will be the result of an encounter between those two great theatrical luminaries, Rosenbaum and Mike-Rentz-Leavitt. It is safe to bet that after each has threatened the other's life he will rush down to the Tombs and ask for protection against his intended victim. "For of such is the kingdom of shows."

FORTESCUE.—George Fortescue is in town rehearsing for his new burlesque by Sydney Rosenfeld. It will be entitled—but no matter. "Did you ever see anything more loathsome?" said one *bat de l'opera* masker to another; "than a man made up as a woman?" "Yes," was the reply, "I have seen two things more loathsome." "What were they?" "A couple of men made up as women."

NEVADA.—"The true inwardness" of Emma Wixin-Nevada's conversion is coming out by degrees. Gounod, who is a religious fanatic, promised to write a new opera for her if she would renounce Protestantism. As she never was a Protestant, the thing was easy, and Emma will probably get her opera by this time next year, besides enjoying all the advantages of the immense advertising she has received.

SAD.—Little Speedy, a very promising young amateur, who filled several professional engagements with the Leonard Grover Comedy company, and "Only a Woman's Heart" company, died suddenly at her residence in Detroit, Mich., last week. The cause of her death was nervous prostration, accompanied by malarial fever. The funeral was attended by Maggie Mitchell and a number of professional people.

FORTESCUE.—There is a dark rumor that W. S. Gilbert is taking rather more than a fatherly or forensic interest in Gumboll-Jilted-Fortescue. Gilbert is no chicken, and Mrs. Gilbert is said to be red-headed. But stranger things have happened. It would be just like the Scotch satirist to write a new comedy for Miss Fortescue, and charge her exactly the amount she may receive from the faithless swain who gave her the mitten.

NOBLES.—A thoughtless and unconsidering mind sometimes wonders why the West and the South should catch all the blizzards and tornadoes, while New York goes free. But New York doesn't always go free by a long shot. Here's Milton Nobles announcing his purpose to produce a new play at the Fourteenth Street theatre. Nobles, however, is better than a blizzard in one respect. He gives warning of his approach.

FOOTE.—Foote, the Tragedian, seems to have played his company a good deal better than he did Hamlet. They have been compelled to offer a reward for his arrest, but he is a very light Foote indeed, and is already off and away like young Lochinvar. The lady who has made his Foote-steps her own, and gone with him, rejoices in the name of Blanche Revere. Meantime Lillian Clives, ex-Mrs. Foote, is in New York, and like the fond dove and fair dove of the ballad, "does mourn and mourn and mourn."

HE DID SETTLE IT.

The Drummer Lover of a Courtesan Kills a Waiter Who Persecuted Her.

Willis Adams and Michael Burns met at the entrance of an alley saloon in Dallas, Texas, Sunday noon, March 30. "Now I've got you," exclaimed Adams, drawing a revolver. "We'll settle it here," and thereupon fired several shots at Burns before he could draw his own revolver, killing him in his tracks.

Burns was a waiter in the St. James Hotel, in Dallas, and Adams, also a resident of that place, had been employed as a drummer by Deery & Day, of St. Louis. Adams is a brother of Samuel J. Adams, a banker, of Dallas. For years he has been on intimate relations with Mme. Polly Parker, a notorious woman in Dallas, and the cause of the killing is traced directly to her. Burns has owned a house at 1,006 Commerce street, and occupied it with his family for three years past. Mme. Parker, about two years ago, built a large house next to Burns' house. It has been a notorious den. Burns has frequently had Mme. Parker arrested and fined, and has endeavored to have the authorities force her to move away, but failed in his purpose. Mrs. Burns, a very intelligent and most respectable lady, has been subjected to insults by occupants of and visitors to Mme. Parker's house. Her husband protested to Adams against this, threatening to have Mme. Parker indicted for keeping a disorderly house, but was dissuaded upon Adams' promise that order should be preserved and his (Burns') family be unmolested.

Adams inserted the following advertisement in a Dallas paper:

WANTED—A hack or express with four red lights to stand in front of a poor white trash house from 8 to 9 P. M., daily one month; guarantee against any trouble. Address A., Herald office.

At noon on the day of the tragedy Burns stepped out from the St. James Hotel, walked across the street and into the alley. In a few minutes four or five shots in quick succession were heard, and persons in the vicinity ran to the spot and found Burns, apparently dying, shot through the abdomen. Adams came out with two pistols and gave himself up to ex-Officer Pace, who went with him to the rear room of the Adams & Leonard bank, where Sheriff Smith arrested him.

As soon as the cold-blooded crime became generally known, the streets were filled with all sorts of men who were anxious for summary revenge upon the murderer.

Hundreds were heard openly to declare in favor of going to the jail and lynching Adams, and also of tearing down Mme. Parker's house, and drumming her out of town. The news from Cincinnati inflamed the mobbish element, and on every hand remarks like this were heard:

"We need a little of Cincinnati here."

Sheriff Smith doubled his force, and rode about many portions of the city warning men that they must not attempt to get Adams out of the jail, as it would be impossible, and would result in the loss of many lives.

Burns was a very small and delicate man, of inoffensive disposition, of good habits, and more intelligence than men of his employment generally possess. He was a favorite with those patronizing the dining-rooms where he worked. Citizens have taken up a collection for his wife, and a subscription has been started and several hundred dollars raised to employ an able lawyer to assist in prosecuting Adams.

DENNIS RILEY.

[With Portrait.]

We publish this week a portrait of one of the order of D. F.'s, who recklessly handle firearms, and when serious consequences ensue, claim that they "didn't know it was loaded." Riley shot and killed Miss Celia Renny, a young girl of seventeen, at a social party at Mr. John Cassidy's, No. 476 Sixth avenue, Brooklyn, on March 16, while chaffing her and flourishing a pistol.

He is now in jail on a charge of homicide, and all good citizens hope that he will receive a sentence that will be a warning to similar fresh youths.

The law defines a homicide committed without a design to affect death, but through culpable negligence, as manslaughter in the second degree, in cases where the circumstances would not make the crime manslaughter in the first degree. Negligence is defined in the code as a want of such attention to the nature or probable consequences of an act or omission as a prudent man ordinarily bestows in acting in his own concerns. Manslaughter in the second degree is punishable by imprisonment for not less than one year nor more than fifteen years, or by a fine of not more than \$1,000, or by both.

A FAIR MAJORITY.

[Subject of Illustration.]

During a heated discussion as to the non-enforcement of the municipal regulation against carrying deadly weapons which took place on a night car on the Sixth avenue surface road a few nights ago, one of the disputants offered to bet \$10 that more than half the passengers carried pistols.

The bet was promptly taken; noses were counted and showed fourteen male passengers, and the conductor was invited to decide the bet.

This he declined to do, as being no part of his regular duty, and the parties to the wager went through the car, asking each man to own up. Four men admitted having pistols, three others exhibited them, five shook their heads good-naturedly, and two denied the mild impeachment so boldly as to excite suspicion. The deadlock seemed inevitable when a woman sitting in the corner asked for the returns.

"Seven to seven," was the sad reply.

"Count me in. Eight to seven, I guess," and throwing back her cloak, she showed the pearl handle of a revolver. The bet was settled, but the loser said some thing about a "put-up job," and "counted out."

GIDDY BOYS MARRIED TO DIZZY MINSTRELS.

It has just leaked out in Milwaukee, that a couple of boys seventeen and eighteen years old, of that place, one the son of a wholesale grocer and the other the son of a Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul official, followed the Ida Siddons Female Minstrels from Milwaukee to Chicago, and while there were married to a couple of the members of that dizzy organization. The boys say they quietly visited the office of a justice of the peace, where the marriage ceremony was performed. After remaining for several days they returned home and their brides went along with the company. The parents of the youngsters will probably take steps to have the marriages set aside.

Chas. W. Butler.

Two hundred dollars reward will be paid by Sheriff Frank P. Allwein, of Whitley county, Ind., for the arrest of Charles W. Butler, murderer, who broke jail at Columbia City, Indiana, March 15, 1884.

Charles Butler is twenty-six years old, but looks somewhat older; is about 5 feet 8 inches tall, muscular built; has light complexion; when he left had sandy mustache; has scar on the bridge of his nose, also scar about three-quarters of an inch long on the left temple, which he generally keeps covered with his hair; parts his hair nearly in middle; weight 155 pounds. He also has other scars on the back of his head; has small hands; also has scar on upper lip, covered

**A PLUCKY POLICEMAN.**

OFFICER JOHN STEBBINS, OF CADIZ, OHIO, WHO SHOT DOWN A NEGRO DESPERADO.

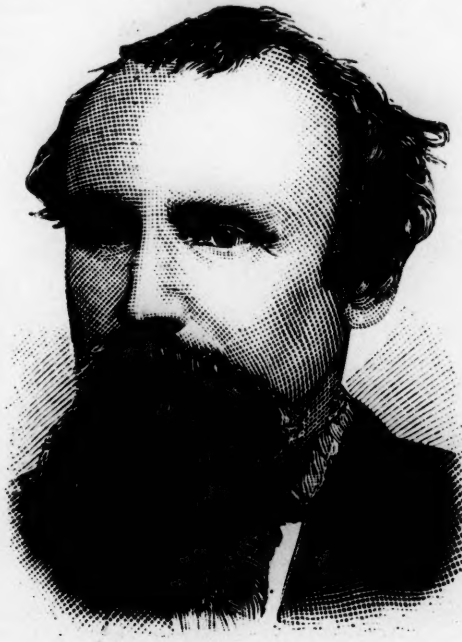
caped prisoner, Edward Carter, who is about twenty-six years old, 5 feet 10 inches in height, stout built, face and head smoothly shaven, light complexion, weight 165 pounds; has scar on back of head; nose long and droops down; when he escaped had on small brown checked coat and vest, lead-colored pants, with welt seam and large spring bottom; had broad-soled shoes on.

Bridget Collins.

Bridget Collins, who is now in jail at Brooklyn, is one of the few females known as a professional burglar. She worked alone, and when captured for the robbery of a house in Nostrand avenue, had an excellent kit of burglars' tools. She is well known to the police of this city, and her picture ornaments the Hogues' Gallery. She has occasionally consorted with some of the most expert cracksmen, and patronizes fast resorts. She is neither young nor pretty, but is in the habit of dressing stylishly. It is said she is not altogether bad. She has picked up homeless boys and girls on the street, and provided them with food and clothing. Only a few weeks ago she paid the funeral expenses of an unfortunate woman, who was a stranger to her. If convicted of all the charges of grand larceny pending against her in Brooklyn, she could be sent to prison for twenty years.

A New Way to Make Soup.

Hearing a great screaming in Kaufman &

**A JERSEY HERO.**

ARCHIE PARKS, OF TRENTON, N. J., WHO CLAIMS TO HAVE SAVED SIXTY-TWO LIVES.

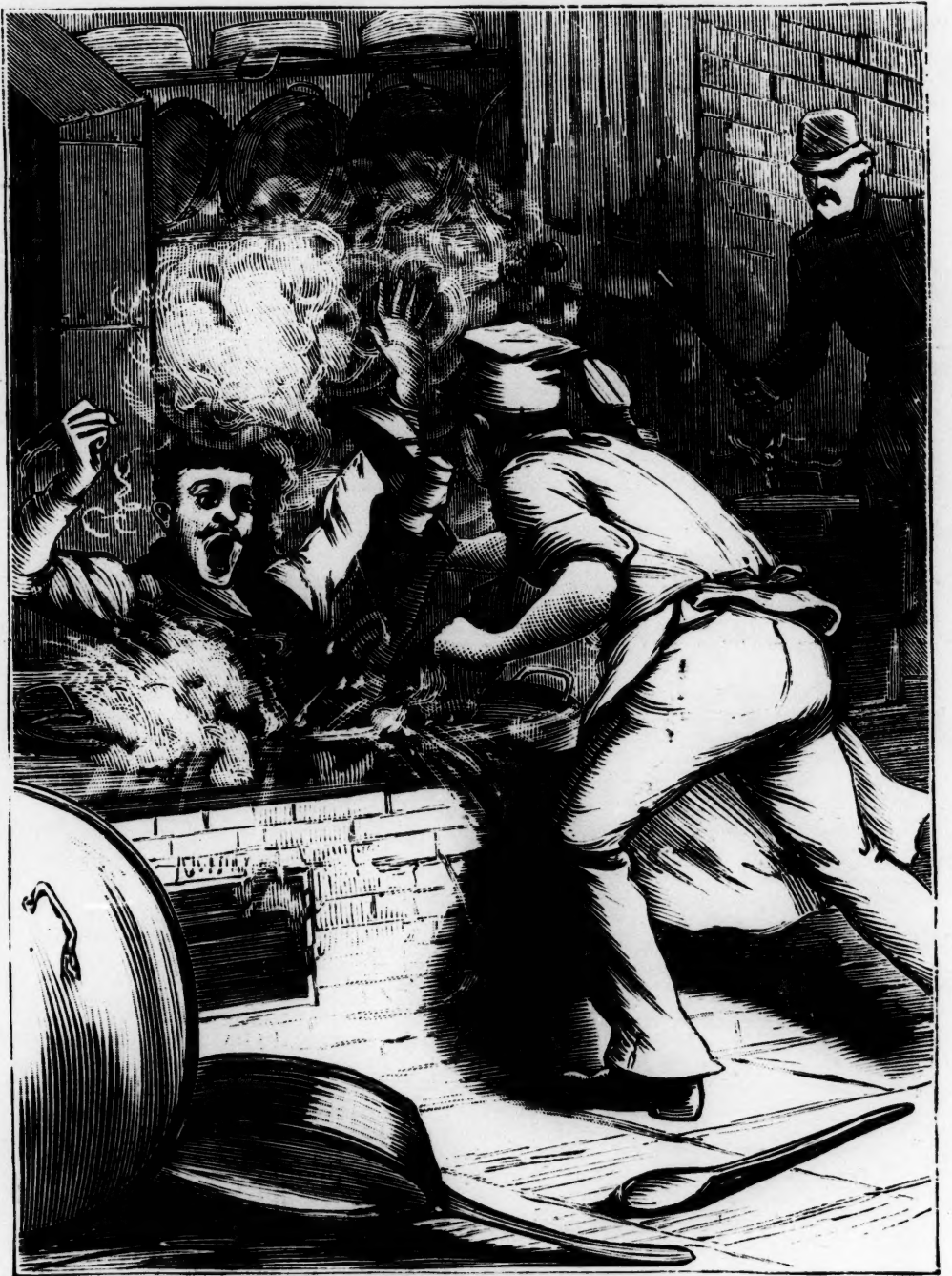
clinched. They were near the vat of boiling soup, and Berzold suddenly lifted Schafer and threw him in.

Battered to Death by a Maniac Woman.

Valerie McKinny, an inmate of the lunatic asylum in Toronto, Ont., murdered Rachel Stephens, another inmate, April 1. Miss McKinny has been melancholy for some time, and was placed in the refractory ward, and Miss Stephens was placed with her to prevent her from committing suicide. The attendants heard screams, and, bursting in the door, found Miss Stephens dead on the floor, with her head battered to pieces. A night bucket was the weapon used.

**AT THE PERIL OF HIS LIFE.**

HOW A GALLANT FIREMAN OF PORTLAND, ME., SAVED LIFE AND PROPERTY BY HEROICALLY REMOVING A KEG OF POWDER.

**A NEW WAY TO MAKE SOUP.**

THE SERIOUS RESULTS OF A LITTLE DISPUTE IN A THIRD AVENUE RESTAURANT, AS TO THE PROPER COOKING OF A FAVORITE DISH.

**DENNIS RILEY,**

A D. F. OF BROOKLYN, WHO SHOT A YOUNG LADY WITH A PISTOL THAT HE DIDN'T KNOW WAS LOADED.

by mustache; the pupil of the right eye is slightly larger than of the left; he steps quickly and actively; wears hat well pulled down in front. Was supposed to have on blue suit of clothes when he escaped, but may have had on woman's clothes. He has no trade or occupation; is of intemperate habits, and when drinking gets much excited and acts strangely; most probably has plenty of money. Butler was confined in jail at Columbia City, Indiana, upon a charge of murdering his wife. He escaped about 8 o'clock P. M., March 15, 1884. He may be in company with another es-

**BRIDGET COLLINS,**

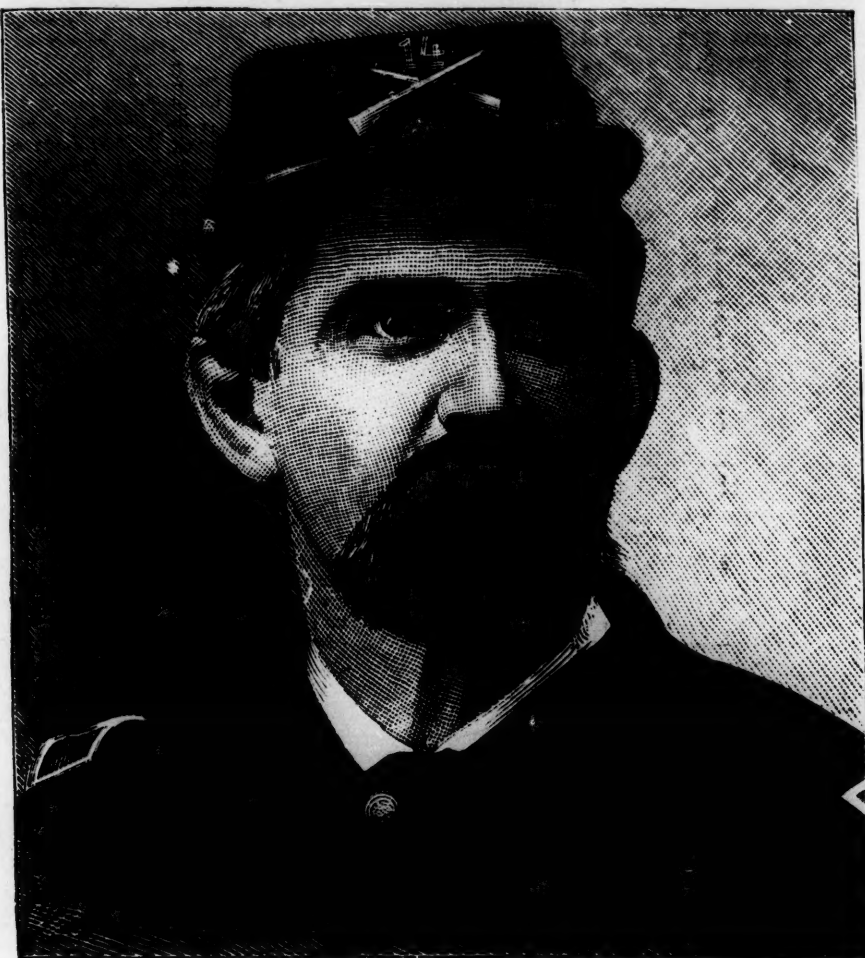
THE FEMALE BURGLAR OF BROOKLYN, LATELY ARRESTED AFTER A LONG CAREER OF CRIME AS A THIEF AND HOUSEBREAKER.

Weisler's restaurant, 548 Third avenue, Roundsman Hatton ran into the kitchen and found Robert Schafer, a waiter, splashing in a vat of boiling soup. George Berzold, a cook, was also in the kitchen, but made no effort to help Schafer. The roundsman pulled Schafer out. Schafer's shoulders, head, and one of his legs were scalded. He said Berzold had pitched him into the vat, and the roundsman arrested Berzold.

According to Schafer's story, he had a dispute with Berzold as to the proper quantity of pepper that was necessary for the soup. They quarreled and

**CHARLES W. BUTLER,**

AN ESCAPED MURDERER FROM THE COLUMBIA CITY, IND., JAIL, FOR WHOM A REWARD OF \$200 IS OFFERED.



COL. FREEMAN,

OF THE FOURTEENTH REGIMENT, OHIO NATIONAL GUARD, WHO DID GOOD SERVICE
IN THE CINCINNATI RIOTS.

Kidnapped, Drugged, Gagged and Blindfolded.

A few nights ago Bertha, the sixteen-year-old daughter of the Rev. Anson Q. Chester, of Syracuse, N. Y., was sent from her home in Chestnut street down town on an errand. Several hours passed, and, as she did not return, an alarm was sent to the police station. At about half-past eleven P. M. she reached home in an agitated condition, and said that on her way back, and while yet in a public street, she was spoken to by a woman in a closed carriage, who asked if she was not Mr. Chester's daughter, and who said that she was going to Mr. Chester's house on business, and gave her an invitation to ride, which she accepted. After taking her seat in the carriage she was seized by the woman, who applied a chloroformed handkerchief to her mouth, whereby she was stupefied, and when she became conscious, she was lying on a couch in a sumptuously furnished parlor. Her jewelry had been removed, and no one was present except the strange woman.

Miss Chester says that she began to cry for help, and that the woman then called out to a man in another room, saying that they would have to do something with her. Her pin and ring were returned, and she was blindfolded, gagged, carried into the air, led through several streets, and abandoned, her captors warning her to go immediately home, and not say a word about what had been done under pain of being shot. She removed the bandages from her mouth and eyes and found herself a few blocks from her home.

The case has been reported to the police, who are at work on it. Miss Chester is a very beautiful girl, and she declares that when she regained consciousness in the strange house, the woman said to her: "You are such a pretty girl; I've had my eyes on you for a long time."

A Fraud Exposed.

An itinerant calling himself A. F. Ackerly, and registering from New York, appeared in Moberly, Mo., on March 29, and arranged with some of the Spiritualistic citizens to give a seance at a fashionable residence, Sunday evening, at an admission fee of \$1. At the time and place appointed a goodly number of ladies and gentlemen assembled, and Mr. Ackerly, with all his paraphernalia of cabinet, musical instruments, etc., was promptly on hand and ready to go ahead with his ghostly entertainment. Placing himself in front of his cabinet, between a gentleman and lady, who occupied chairs on either side, the performance was apparently ready to begin, and would doubtless have gone on to a successful conclusion had it not been for

a most untimely and disastrous mishap, which came about in this wise: Among the audience was an athletic and naturally suspicious young man named Mike Willott, who, unobserved by the medium, slipped around and entered the cabinet for the purpose of taking observations. A dim light was burning in the room, and when the medium, having hold of the crossed hands of those sitting beside him, making it appear to them that both his hands were engaged, slyly released one of them and slipped it through the curtain for the purpose of playing a banjo lying on a small table inside the cabinet. Mr. Willott, who was keenly on the alert, seized the wrist with a vise-like grip in one hand, and with the other following up the lead, found to his indignant amazement that the hand, instead of belonging to a spirit of health or goblin damned, was a veritable attachment to Mr. Ackerly himself. At this revelation, Mr. Willott, in his indignation at the discovery of such a palpable fraud, jerked the medium

from his chair and commenced pounding him most unmercifully with his fists, damaging him severely both in health and good looks. Ladies screamed and fainted, whilst men were aghast at such an untoward and sudden outcome of the seance. The company seized on his apparatus for the manufacture of ghosts and refused to return it. Mr. Ackerly was arrested the next day on a warrant charging him with fraud and deception. He was immediately arraigned and bound over to await the action of the Grand Jury which meets there in September.

Good Old Grandpa.

Society circles at Long Branch, N. J., are much exercised over a love romance. Miss Lillian Ludlow is an attractive little lady of eighteen, and is considered one of the reigning belles. Her mother, the Widow Ludlow, carries on a large business at Red Bank, and is the owner of a large estate in Shrewsbury township. Mr. Joseph Reilly, a law student in the office of State Senator John S. Applegate, and Miss Lillian became engaged a month ago. A few evenings ago Mrs. Ludlow was informed as to the state of affairs. She became greatly enraged and said she would turn the girl out of doors should she not break the engagement. When, later in the evening, young Reilly called, he was ordered from the house.

Miss Lillian, in the meantime, wept and pleaded with her

mother, but in vain, and finally the mother in her anger ordered the young girl to leave the house, notwithstanding that it was night. Joining her lover, the young couple visited the home of Miss Lillian's paternal grandfather, whose sympathies were enlisted by the lovers' story. Since then Miss Lillian has been under the protection of her grandfather.

Mrs. Ludlow has shown no sign of relenting. She refuses to surrender the clothes and effects of Miss Lillian, and Mr. Reilly has begun proceedings to compel her to do so.

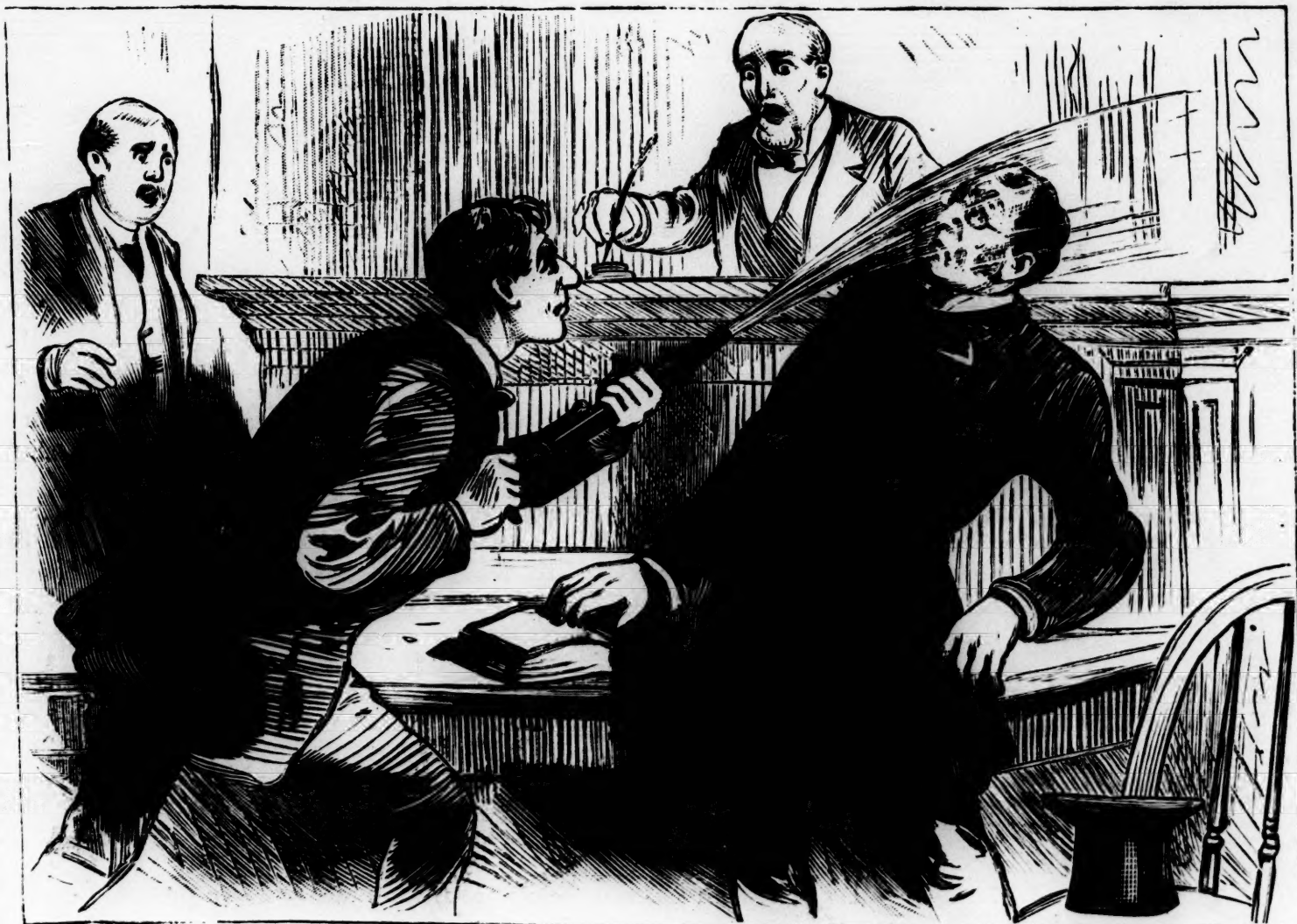
Miss Lillian says she is determined to remain true to her plighted troth, and Mr. Reilly says that he will get married first and get his diploma next fall. The marriage bans will be "read" in church after Lent, and a wedding will speedily follow.

A Lawyer's Dirty Argument.

A scene occurred in Squire Miller's Court, at Strong City, Kan., on Saturday, March 20, not calculated to give a very exalted opinion of the dignity of the law. During an argument before the court, a young sprig of the law named A. J. Smith, made a dastardly attack upon F. P. Cochran, an older member of the bar. The younger member of the legal profession had been considerably annoyed by his elder's sharp conduct in a certain case, and while Cochran was examining a law book to find a statute in support of an objection made by him to some proceeding on the part of Smith, the latter drew from the inside pocket of his overcoat a large "horse syringe," charged with stable drainings and writing-ink, and fired the contents on Mr. Cochran, a portion of the vile stuff spattering the Court liberally. Smith was immediately fined \$20, the severest penalty for contempt authorized by law.

It Went Abegging.

A large number of miners gathered at the main drift of the Pocahontas, Va., mine, in which so many lives were recently sacrificed, to consider what steps to take toward recovering the bodies. There were also present young girls, principally daughters and sweethearts of the victims, continually circulating among the men, and by taunts and pleadings trying to induce them to enter the mine. About sun-down a hardy lass, tall and of a magnificent physique, sprang upon a stump and exclaimed: "I have a father in that mine, boys. He is dead and I know it, but I loved him and I want to bury his body decently. I will marry any man in the crowd who will lead a party into the mine." This singular appeal met with no response.



VERY FOUL PLAY.

THE IRREGULAR ANSWER LAWYER SMITH, OF STRONG CITY, KANSAS, MADE TO THE UNANSWERABLE ARGUMENTS OF COUNSELOR J. P. COCHRAN.

CONTRABAND NEWS

NO. XI.

POLITICAL DEPARTMENTS IN THE FIELD.

FORTRESS MONROE UNDER BUTLER.

**The Snug Berths Given Favorite Officers
--The Appearance of Longstreet before
Suffolk Disarranges Some Comfort-
able Plans--How the Enemy, Ten
Thousand Strong, Besieged
Forty Thousand Union
Soldiers.**

The theory of a plot on the part of the Democrats to reinstate McClellan for some deep purposes of disloyalty, not patent to the ordinary mind, worked so well in blinding the public in regard to the real situation and the true political aims of the party in power, that it was used elsewhere than in the Army of the Potomac with similar success. Artful stories were started and kept going in regard to the supposed machinations of Democratic Generals, and several examples were made in the West, doubtless by the methods attempted on the writer by the loyal howlers of Hooker's headquarters. The truth was, there was no such thing in the army as a political plot. A great majority of the officers and men at the front were avowed Democrats, it is true, but they had no chance in wire-pulling had they attempted it against the truly loyal Republican officers who were skulking in the rear, guarding quarter-masters' depots, or assigned to easy duty in Washington, where they might juggle the political jokers in security, to their own profit and the bewilderment of the public that had to pay for this loyal by-play and side-show business. The alarming rumors of Democratic plots were therefore kept up only to give an excuse for maintaining a department of spies within our own lines and to preserve the grip of martial law on the throats of the people.

To excuse any iniquity in those days it was only necessary to howl "Copperhead!" and it was sought to make this term of opprobrium synonymous with Democrats.

The injustice done to McClellan was only personal to him and might readily have been forgotten, for, all the reports of the spies to the contrary notwithstanding, there was never any political movement in the army in his behalf. He was not a political plotter—he lacked the sly cunning of the seeker after the loaves and fishes, and his friends were outspoken and earnest, but not at all sly or even wise. It suited the purposes of the Republican knaves, however, to belie the army and to give color to the slander that it was a nest of plotting traitors. The success with which the villains carried out this scheme, and the promptness with which they quelled all debate by setting up the cry of disloyalty that was sure to ruin the cavaliers, brought on a sort of reign of terror in the army and elsewhere. Even the New York press was held under the same pressure. The *Herald*, *World* and other papers, that would have been independent and outspoken under most circumstances, were made to feel the unwelcome grip of martial law on their throats, and trimmed their sails to sail before the loyal breeze, lest seeking another course the evil spirit of the hour might conjure up a tornado to wreck them.

Under these circumstances it was useless to attempt to give prominence to truth or to attempt to right things on the basis of equity. When the foregoing narrative of the true state of affairs in the army of the Potomac prior to and during the battle of Fredericksburg was laid before James Gordon Bennett he remarked that it was real news, but the time to publish it was twenty years after the close of the rebellion, when it might be safe to unmask the loyal pretenders, and show them in their true characters. The writer has taken this advice. He has bided the full time and over prescribed by the shrewd journalist, who found it politic for his own part to keep quiet when he found that the truly loyal side had got such headway after the war as to sweep everything before it. It was his journalistic policy to detect the largest political party and follow it early while pretending to originate and lead the movement. It was easier to follow the bogus war party after the rebellion than to stem the tide with whatever honest forces were at command. It needed the Star Route and other iniquities of the loyal howlers during twenty years of reaping what they had sown, to bring a pause in the popular movement, and to put the people in the humor to listen to the true story of the war and the creatures who profited by it.

Regarded calmly from our present standpoint, and taking into account what we have learned of loud-spoken patriots since, it seems ridiculous that the pretenses of dire Democratic plots in the army could have been seriously entertained and could have had such an effect on the future of the nation, and in the perpetuation for so long of the power of insincere knaves and demagogues.

Who can wonder at the robbery of Tilden and the election of Hayes, since it was the natural corollary of such a proposition of patriotic management of truly loyal affairs during the rebellion?

The writer next found himself, in April, 1863, in Suffolk, Va., a fortified town near the head of the Nansemond river, and approached by railroad from Norfolk. Butler commanded the department at Fortress Monroe, and had an easy, not to say gay, time of it at this watering-place post. Norfolk was in charge of a post-commander, Brigadier-General Negles, who acted really as a chief of police. The Union outposts were at Suffolk, an hour's ride by rail from the seaport.

While Hooker had been reveling and entertaining in the winter camp on the Rappahannock, and his friends had been pulling their truly loyal political wires, the enemy had been conceiving some military ideas. Lee, holding Hooker in contempt, had risked detaching Longstreet's corps from his command, and had flung it at Suffolk. Had Longstreet

possessed the necessary energy, or one-third the dash and daring of Stonewall Jackson, he would have swooped down upon the post and carried it by the first effort. As it was, he surrounded and isolated and began a siege. This gave time for the hurrying forward of re-enforcements of Union troops from North Carolina, and with these the lines of the Johnnies were broken. Longstreet drew in his lines across the Nansemond to a line of breastworks built some distance back and masked by woods. Forty thousand troops were thrown into Suffolk under the command of a Major-General Peck, who made his headquarters in the best house in town, and sat himself down to luxurious inaction. The besieging enemy could have had at no time more than ten thousand men at command on this scene, but the ten thousand held the forty thousand in perfect check.

Peck seemed a sort of an old-woman soldier—a mild-mannered chap who was never cut out for scenes of slaughter and turmoil. He had been given what seemed an easy billet—a post where he could assume all the pomp and dignities of a modern major-general and theoretical hero, without suffering any of the inconveniences of campaigning. The appearance of Longstreet before the little town quite shocked the favorite and overturned all the plans of a quiet life. When he found forty thousand men under his command he seemed to be in doubt what to do with them; so he let them lie idle as long as the enemy would behave himself and keep quiet. There was no disposition to force the arrogant foe out of his intrenchments or to break through his thin line. Here were followed the plans and policies of the Army of the Potomac, on a small scale. And what wonder, since the same plotters were managing things here too.

The spring-time passed without Peck making a definite sign toward dislodging the enemy. The only signs of warfare were heard every evening after supper, when for half an hour Berdan's sharpshooters, a special corps of picked shots, occupied the rifle-plots along our front and popped away merrily at every head they could see through the dusk, on the enemy's side of the field. The Johnnies, for their part, were content to reply languidly, and ceased their firing, with chivalrous politeness, the moment the Federals manifested signs of wearying of the sport.

The narrow Nansemond remained open, and light-draught transports came up from Hampton Roads with forage and supplies, thus relieving the wretched railroad from a good share of the work. One day in April, however, the enemy awakened up and threw aside its wonted politeness. A lunette earthwork was thrown up at a bend of the river two miles below Suffolk and two field-pieces were put in position there. There was only one transport at Suffolk at this time—a side-wheel tug-boat, named the *Smith Briggs*, which had come up laden with hay and hospital stores including plenty of whiskey for the officer's mess. When this steamer undertook to go down the river, she was brought to a halt by the battery that had been established in a night, and her captain steamed back in great terror. His vessel remained for a month tied to the bank of the river, near the rude bridge leading across the stream from the main street of the town. A howitzer was put on the boat for her protection, and her open decks and machinery were masked by bales of hay. Several attempts were made to run the gantlet with the boat thus accoutered, but they were all in vain. She was fairly trapped and bottled up.

Our forty thousand men, however, made no decided effort to break the blockade, but were held timidly within their lines, making no sign beyond the boundaries of their camps, except an occasional cavalry foray in light force on the southern face of our position, where the enemy was least strong and arrogant.

Among the troops of Col. Underdonk's regiment of New York Mounted Rifles, a volunteer cavalry force which rivaled Spear's Eleventh Pennsylvania cavalry in gallantry at this point, was a well-known character—one E. Z. C. Judson, better known as Ned Buntline. This person emulated some of the heroes of his impossible romances. He was always up to some wild prank or some dare devil enterprise "on his own hook," and for several of these irregular operations had been commended in general orders. Twice he had been promoted for this gallantry, and each time reduced to the ranks again for some escapade which proved a flagrant violation of military law. It was his failures that counterbalanced his successes and kept him under the heel of fate. When he succeeded in one of his wild ventures, the glory extinguished the violation of discipline and brought him honor; but, when he failed, it was only the violation of martial law that appeared and brought him punishment.

One night, after this blockade of the Nansemond had lasted for six weeks, Ned Buntline and three of his comrades, equally reckless fellows of his regiment, left camp without permission, and ran the picket-lines into the enemy's country. They made their way down the stream without obstruction, picking their way through the dark on the left bank of the river, and reached the vicinity of the troublesome battery at about 2 o'clock in the morning. The night was foggy with a misty rain. The three daring troopers, led by Buntline, charged the battery with a great outcry, and, surprising the garrison of ten men, disarmed and took their prisoners. With three of these they escaped to our lines, after spiking the two guns. They arrived at Suffolk at daylight, and were summarily consigned to the guard-house with their prisoners, but were released and commended when the whole story of their exploit became known. The General, who had forty thousand inactive troops at his command, winced a little at this evidence of what might be done in the martial way by private enterprise. Four reckless men had achieved what an army commander had shrunk from attempting.

It was not until Lee gave the signal to Longstreet that there was any military movement whatever. Peck would have been perfectly content, I have no doubt, to have remained snug, cozy and inactive in his comfortable headquarters for a year or more with his body-guard of forty thousand soldiers. But Hooker had begun his wilderness campaign across the Rappahannock, and Longstreet had begun to withdraw his forces from our front that they might re-enforce the rebel forces opposing the ill-used army of the Potomac. Peck was urged to make a demonstration to keep Longstreet occupied and prevent his retirement. On the 6th of May, 1863, therefore, he sent five thousand men across on the South Quay road to feel the enemy's position, which was a heavily fortified one masked by thick woods, and the approaches to which were a tangle of *chevaux de frise*. After a feeble movement which resulted in the death of Col. Ringgold of New York, and several other gallant officers, the troops retired bringing no information with them, and all settled down in camp in the old state of inaction. A week after Hooker telegraphed that Longstreet was

in his front on the Rappahannock miles away from Suffolk, and Peck, ordering a cavalry movement, found that the intrenchments in his front were abandoned. The troopers captured two hundred wretched, half-starved, and footsore stragglers of the rebel rear-guard, and that was all. The merest tyro in military art or common sense would be tempted to criticize such campaigning as this, but no one dared. All the reports to the papers were doctored to suit the political exigencies of the time. In fact, the reporters' work was lying pure and simple as far as the siege of Suffolk was concerned. No hint of the disgraceful state of affairs or the stupidity of the management, was ever advanced. Well, Longstreet got clear away, doubtless laughing in his sleeve at the antiquated warrior whom he found it so easy to outwit, and Peck settled himself down to enjoy a comfortable life in garrison without fear of the annoyance of midnight alarms and unexpected attacks from a rude and inconsiderate enemy.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MURDER AFTER THE FUNERAL.

A murder after a funeral in Bloomfield, Ohio, March 29, excited that community to a higher pitch than was ever known there before. The facts as near as can be ascertained are that James Difford and Newton Gillmore, brothers-in-law, the former having married Gillmore's sister, have been for a long time on unfriendly terms. Their many quarrels resulted in Gillmore's being denied his brother-in-law's house. On Wednesday, March 28, Mrs. Difford died, and the funeral, the following Saturday, was attended by the whole community. Gillmore was there, apparently a bereaved mourner over his sister's grave, but before he left the cemetery he commenced to quarrel with his heart-broken brother-in-law, and followed him to his deserted house near by. He became very abusive in his language, adding insult to injury.

Gillmore ransacked the house and appropriated to himself articles belonging to his dead sister. This was more than the husband could stand, and begged him to assist and leave the things sacred. Gillmore then became violent, and when Difford ordered him to leave whipped out a revolver, and, with a curse, fired three shots in rapid succession. One struck in Difford's temple, taking a downward course and lodging in the base of the brain. The wounded man pitched forward to the floor and lived but a short time. A neighbor, Smith Finney, grappled Gillmore before he could shoot the fourth time and wrenched the pistol from his grasp. Gillmore walked to the house of Squire Crane and gave himself up. Later he was taken to Warren for safe-keeping by two constables. The community, which had read of the Cincinnati riot, talked of taking the cold-blooded murderer from the officers and hanging him. There is intense feeling, as Difford was popular and a good citizen.

POKER AND PISTOLS.

[Subject of Illustration.]

During a game of poker between James Royer and Howard Williams on the one side and William Davis and Charles Mills on the other, in a saloon in Cole's Creek, Pa., March 30, the stakes grew large with every game, and at last the betting ran up to \$500 a side. The four men had been drinking heavily, and were evidently not in the best of temper. At length Royer detected Davis in the act of cheating, but the detection only brought on a wordy quarrel. When the game ended Davis and Mills reached for the stakes, but the other party also grabbed for them. A fight ensued, in which all four drew revolvers, and the room was quickly cleared of the few spectators that had gathered to see the game. Williams fired at Davis, the ball striking him in the right breast. A general firing ensued and lasted until all four had emptied their pistols.

After a few moments of comparative quiet the anxious crowd outside pushed their way through into the room and found the four lying on the floor, all apparently lifeless. Davis and Williams were found to be fatally wounded, and they died shortly after the combat. The other two were also fatally wounded. The wildest excitement prevailed over the shooting, as all the parties were highly respected and in good circumstances.

JEALOUS AND BLOOD-THIRSTY NAT CARLIN.

Nat Carlin, a veterinary surgeon, living in Kirkwood, Mo., called at the residence of his wife, No. 2,755 Gratiot street, St. Louis, Thursday night, March 27, and, presenting the muzzle of a pistol to her head, pulled the trigger. The weapon failed to explode, and before he could again cock it Joseph Peat, his wife's brother, entered the room and struck the husband a terrific blow on the head. The man fell backward into a small hallway, where, cocking his pistol, he presented it at his brother-in-law's breast and again pulled the trigger. This time he was more successful, and Peat fell to the floor with a bullet through the left lung. The wife had by this time made her escape, and the report of the pistol attracting the attention of the police, officers were soon on the scene and Carlin was put under arrest.

Mrs. Carlin produced a letter which she had received from her husband, in which he informed her that he was coming into the city for the special purpose of killing her and her paramour, and that it was useless for her to try and escape him, for he would kill her and then himself. The couple parted last November, and since that time Mrs. Carlin is alleged to have given him cause for jealousy. She filed a petition for divorce recently, and this action on her part was the cause of Carlin's murderous visit.

Peat was reported very low, and internal hemorrhage rendered his recovery doubtful.

FOX'S ILLUSTRATED WEEK'S DOINGS.

No. 52, out Saturday, April 5, contains: The Cincinnati Riots; how an unbaning murderer created a popular uprising; two splendid pages of pictures from the exciting scene. The Isle of Blackwell: a celebrated metropolitan watering-place where the city pays the bills; superbly illustrated. Pistolled For What? the mysterious shooting of Mrs. Laura M. Thorp; a gay woman's strange career; splendidly illustrated. Ballet Secrets. On Der Square. The Prowler. The Prompter. The Referee. The Billboard. Etc., etc.

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CAUGHT HIM AT LAST.

Louis Karcher Kills His Wife's Paramour in Her Presence.

[With Illustration and Portraits.]

About 12 o'clock Thursday night, March 27, an elderly man ran out of a two story brick house near the navy yard, in Washington, D. C., crying "Murder!" At the same time another man was running to the police station near by shouting for help. Half-dressed people rushed into the street, while policemen went swiftly to the scene. They found the elderly man and demanded of him what was the matter. He said he had just killed a man.

"Come with me," he exclaimed, "and I will show him to you."

He then led the way into the house and up stairs, where a man partially undressed was stretched on the floor in a pool of blood.

"There he is," he exclaimed. "I shot him three times. I'm no fool. I got my revenge. This has been going on a long time, and I have caught him at last."

Soon the whole story came out, and a very simple one it was of uncongenial wedlock, lawless love, dissipation and revenge. The old man's name is Karcher, and he has been for many years employed in the coast survey as a draughtsman. He has borne a good character. For his second wife he married, five years ago, a young and buxom cook in Hade's Hotel, on Pennsylvania avenue. He was then fifty-three and she was thirty. He was steady, and she was inclined to be gay and wild. The match was an uneven one, and soon led to trouble. Of late the bad feeling between the couple had grown serious. They occupied separate rooms, and had little in common. The young wife drank, and made acquaintances that her husband and people generally suspected were improper.

Mr. Karcher went to bed about 7 o'clock Thursday night, but was aroused toward midnight by sounds as of people moving and talking in his wife's room adjoining. He suspected the cause and going to the door demanded admission. The door was locked and his wife refused to let him in. Looking through the key-hole he saw Mrs. Karcher and a man he recognized as John W. Grimes. Again he demanded admission, and this time the guilty wife, having hidden her lover in a closet and locked the door, opened the hall door to her husband.

"Where is he?" Karcher exclaimed, and, upon the wife protesting her ignorance, he went to the closet and tried to open it.

"Where's the key?" he asked, as the door held fast.

"I've lost it," replied the wife.

"Very well. I've got a key that will open it," exclaimed the husband, and going out of the chamber, he obtained a hatchet. Returning, he found the hall door again barred, and his wife refused to open it. He battered it to pieces with furious strokes of the hatchet. Unheeding her cries, he then crossed the room to the closet, to hew down its door and get at Grimes. But Mrs. Karcher had meanwhile unlocked the closet in order to allow her paramour to escape, and he, finding his pursuer upon him, brandishing a hatchet in one hand and a pistol in the other, flung open the door and made a dash for life. But Karcher was too quick for him, and sent three bullets into his body. The first hit Grimes in the mouth, passed through his teeth and both cheeks, and fell on the floor. The second struck his left collar-bone and lodged in the muscular tissue beneath. The third wound was in the lungs, and was the immediate cause of death.

The room at the time the officers and Karcher reached it, presented a horrible sight. Grimes was lying dead in his blood, the door was dashed in pieces, and on a stand near by were a half-emptied bottle and glasses smelling of whisky, which the guilty couple had been drinking. The dishonored wife was sobbing and trembling in a corner.

The unhappy Karchers were taken at once to the station. A coroner's inquest was held, at which the facts of the homicide were clearly shown, and a verdict was rendered that John W. Grimes came to his death from a pistol-shot wound inflicted by Louis Karcher. Grimes was about thirty-five years of age. He was engaged in the sewing-machine business and was generally looked on as a dissipated man.

HIDING HER SHAME IN A RIVER.

Boatmen found the body of a young girl floating in the river at St. Louis, March 23. They brought it ashore and conveyed it to the Morgue, where it was identified as the remains of Mary Wilde, aged seventeen, who had disappeared from her home, No. 819 South Second street, a few days ago. She was in love with a baker named Theodore Staber, and it is alleged that he decoyed her from her home, betrayed her, and then placed her in lodgings of his own, promising to marry her. One day the girl reappeared at her father's home. She was crying, and told her mother between sobs that she had been ruined, and then deserted. She said she had nothing left to live for, and that she would drown herself. She then fled from the house. Her mother ran after her, crying to her to come back. Several took up the cry, and there were soon fifteen or twenty enlisted in the chase. It was just after dark, but the girl was seen running down Poplar street. She crossed the Levee Railroad just in front of a freight train, which shut out the girl's pursuers, and when it had passed she was nowhere to be seen.

HE DOES NOT NEED TO GO AFTER HIS MONEY.

In reply to an inquiry of a reporter, Mr. G. Goldsmith (one of our best-known Jewish citizens), Did you ever win anything before? He replied: Oh, yes! now and then. I once won \$1,250 in a German Lottery, and have won small sums at odd times in The Louisiana State Lottery. Will you visit New Orleans for the purpose of collecting your money (alluding to \$15,000, the one-fifth of the capital prize in The Louisiana State Lottery, on Tuesday, March 11, on ticket No. 14,467). No! we have deposited the ticket with the Columbus, (Miss.) Insurance and Banking Co. for collection. It is sure enough. The draft was promptly honored.—*Extract from the Columbus (Miss.) Dispatch, March 11, 1884.*

RESCUING POWDER FROM FIRE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

At a fire in Portland, Me., March 30, Elisha G. Peterson, a show-case maker, went to an upper room, seized a keg of powder, dashed back through the flames, and reached the street in safety. That the powder did not explode seems remarkable. Peterson's wonderful courage was equalled, perhaps, by the nerve displayed by Samuel Thurston, a fireman, who stood at his post when he knew that he was in the presence of almost certain death.

MURDERED FOR MURDERERS

Mob, Militia and Carnage in the Queen City of the West.

Cincinnati the Scene of a Three Days' Terror—The Jail Fired and the Court-House Burned.

[Subject of Illustration.]

"To the jail!" Listen. It's the angry shout of a furious mob. Ten thousand maddened rioters rush pell-mell through the streets like a terrific cyclone and surge around the prison. "Justice! revenge!" are heard above the howls and roar of the clamoring, seething multitude. "Give us Berner!" they cry. The rioters are frantic with rage. They are armed with pistols, clubs, axes, stones, bars and battering-rams. A terrific siege follows. Half sympathizing with the mob, the police force, which had been quickly mustered to protect the jail from the onslaughts of the indignant and revengeful throng, pretend to make an effort to quell the disturbance. This only encourages the desperate rioters, who now have become too formidable to be beaten back except with bullets, grape and canister. Shots are fired from the jail windows, and a few of the mob fall seriously wounded. More enraged than ever, the rioters attack the entrances to the jail with heavy timbers or battering-rams. Some use axes. An entrance is forced and the torch applied. The rioters howl like wild men. "Call out the militia!" Shortly the clatter of troops through the streets is heard, and they are soon inside the jail. The mob does not retreat. "Give them a volley!" Flash! bang! and several of the foremost rioters fall beneath the leaden hail. A number of soldiers are wounded. The wild torrent of men ebbs a little. "The Court-house is on fire!" The rioters are now exultant. Deafening cheers ascend from ten thousand throats. "More troops!" The spectators stand aghast at the prospect of frightful carnage. "Hark!" The click of musketry, and bullets fly like hail over the heads of the mob. "It's no use fooling with them. Another volley direct!" Several of the rioters fall dead in their tracks, others are mortally or seriously wounded, and some of the soldiers drop, pierced by leaden missiles. "Hurrah!" The mob now retreats, and in a little while disperses, still snarling over the calling out of the militia.

These scenes were witnessed in Cincinnati, the Queen City of the West, March 23, 29 and 30. That city and the surrounding country were in a state of excitement not equaled since the railroad riot of 1877. The bloody work divided public attention with the increasing feeling that law and order have been outraged and trampled upon quite as long as it could be endured.

The greatest interest was felt in the escape of William Berner, the stolid, brutal boy-murderer of William Kirk; and when the news came that he had been recaptured near Lovell, it was welcomed with a sigh of relief at the thought that at least a semblance of justice would be done in placing him behind the bars. There was a universal and outspoken suspicion that his escape had been winked at, but the suspicion is now known to be unfounded.

The causes which have led to the riot are deep-rooted and of long standing. The fact is that for some reason—either through malfeasance of those who are intrusted with the administration of the laws, or the chicanery and corruption of those who serve as jurymen—it now seems almost impossible in Cincinnati to mete out to criminals the just penalties which the laws impose upon their crimes. Forty-two murderers, from city and county, are at present confined in the jail. In addition to the lynching of Berner, it was the intention of the mob which attacked the jail to get possession of a number of these murderers whose crimes were the most brutal and inflict summary justice on them also.

The first attack on the jail, which was made Friday night, March 23, was described in the "Extra" in the POLICE GAZETTE of last week.

The details of occurrences Saturday night, March 29, equal in horror those of the preceding night. The crowd was full of rage against the military for shooting citizens the night before. They were disappointed that they had not succeeded in getting the twenty-three murderers out of the jail and hanging them. The rage against the jury that had allowed Berner to escape the gallows, and the cumbersome criminal law which had allowed the jail to become populated with murderers, was now turned against the citizen soldiery, commanded by inexperienced officers, that had killed and wounded so many of their number the night before.

Every musket and box of ammunition contained in the National Guard armory were transferred to the jail. Few were aware of the movement, so rapidly was it done. As another precautionary measure a number of barrels of coal-oil on store in the cellar of the armory were taken to a place of safety. After nightfall policemen and soldiers in preconceived action brought, from heaven knows where, wagons, lumber, boxes, barrels and heavy stone with which they erected barricades on the Sycamore and East Court street approaches to the jail. Early in the morning Sheriff Hawkins telegraphed to Governor Hoadly to send on the Fourteenth regiment of Columbus and the Fourth of Dayton, and at the same time he issued a call for the First Veterans to assemble at the jail after supper. Evidently owing to sympathy to some extent with the popular feeling which resulted in the riot, the members of the regiments ordered out could not be gathered together quickly, and this delayed the arrival of the Fourteenth. Until 11 o'clock Saturday night the troops defending the city consisted of the First regiment, Col. C. B. Hunt commanding; the Second Ohio battery, under Capt. F. M. Joyce; detachments of police in command of Chief Rielly and half a dozen lieutenants, and a Gatling gun commanded by Lieut. Mark Langdon and a squad of policemen. On Main street at 9 o'clock dense shapeless throngs could be seen surging in front of the Court-house. Out of its blackness would come occasional flashes of shots fired by the mob. The darkness was almost impenetrable, as the gas in the street-lamps had been turned down to mere jets. At Court street, beginning at the corner of the jail wall and extending across Sycamore street to the houses on the East side, was a barricade six feet in height, composed of planks, overturned wagons and other weighty material, and behind this obstruction was a squad of Company H, in command of Capt. Carroll. There was a very narrow opening for ingress and egress. Beside the barricade was a quantity of ma-

terial in readiness to close the opening on the instant. Additional guards were at the jail steps and at intervals all the way into the building. Just inside the outer door were long, heavy joists, braced from the pillars to the doors. Stretched on the floor and the corridors were the reserves and night reliefs.

After the Court-house was fired, at nine in the evening, no firemen could approach it. For two hours the attempt was made, but the fire companies were driven away by the mob with cocked pistols. After the breaking of the windows and doors had been begun, the crowd seemed to gain courage. They advanced in small squads to the front of the building, until the number was gradually swelled to hundreds. As they were not fired upon they gained further courage, and continued their work of destruction. After demolishing the doors and windows, work was begun on the iron gates in front of the building. In an incredibly short time they were broken open, but the crowd seemed afraid to mount the stairs. At each crash of glass or fall of a door, the men standing in the street cheered on those engaged in the assault, and kept up a constant firing of revolvers. For awhile the flames made slow progress, but while it was gaining headway the crowd was not idle. It moved south on Main street, taking each office in turn and setting it on fire, until the entire lower story of the building was ablaze and looked like a huge furnace. As the walls and iron pillars and stairways became heated, the expansion of the metal made loud reports like the exploding of torpedoes. At about half-past ten the flames burst through the floor of the Auditor's office, and in a short time the whole room was ablaze. The flames were fed by the hundreds of immense volumes of records. In the meantime the fire had reached the Probate Court-room and the Sheriff's and Coroners' offices, both of which had been completely gutted, had been reached. In these offices were stored the records of the county since its formation, over 100 years ago. These were used to feed the flames, and were all destroyed. By this means the fire reached the woodwork in the rear rooms, and worked its way to the Clerk's office. The records in this office, which were destroyed, were of incalculable value, and cannot be replaced. The Recorder's office, in which the records of real and personal property from the formation of the county were kept, was next burned out. While this was going on the crowd continued to demolish the windows, and while some of them were thus at work others rushed round to the south side of the building to get at that portion of it and fire it.

At 10 the first really genuine appearance of trouble was indicated by the crowd, which at that time began to force down on the platoons of police at Court and Main streets. They were met by a volley of blank cartridges, discharged from the patrolmen's navy revolvers. Some of the more timid took flight, but the greater number only wavered, and in a few minutes pressed forward again, and then a second volley was fired. A few scattering militiamen appeared in the throng on their way to join their comrades in the Court-house rotunda, when cries of "Kill them, kill," came up from the mob, followed by stones and other missiles, which were hurled at them as they passed in.

Suddenly a crashing of glass was heard in the vicinity of the Treasurer's office, to the left of the main entrance to the Court-house on Main street, and a moment later flames began to roll out through the broken doors and windows. When the immense throng witnessed this new spectacle cheer after cheer went up.

The spectacle now was thrilling. The entrance to South Court street and North Court street at Main street were guarded by platoons of police. In front of them was the howling mob, cheering the flames as they leaped higher and higher. From the canal bridge, on the north, to Eighth, on the south, Main street was one dense mass of human beings, while facing the Court-house, leading west, Court street for two squares distant, as far as Vine, was filled with people viewing the awful destruction.

The alleys opening into both North and South Court streets, between Main and Sycamore streets, were guarded by the militiamen, while the entrance to those alleys on Ninth street, on the south, and the canal, on the north, were guarded by the police. Ninth street was also kept clear from Main street to Canal, and Sycamore street at Ninth was guarded by platoons of police. Further north, on Sycamore street, where it is intersected by South Court street, to make the defense doubly secure, was Main street, in front of the Court-house, and Court street for a block west was densely packed with women, boys and girls.

They had not long to wait to see the fearful carnage. Still the crowd pressed forward, loath to leave the scene. A would-be leader, a big, heavy German, on Main street shouted: "Boys, follow me. Let's go around to the jail-yard gate and burst it open, and take out the — of —," and a yell went up from those around.

About fifty men and boys, many of them carrying clubs, axes, hammers and broom-handles, formed in line and went around North Court street, followed by the surging crowd. They were met by a volley from the soldiery, and pell mell they went, heads low, brandishing their weapons.

Two of them were seen to fall. In a similar rush to the east, on South Court street, afterward, it was seen that the slaughter from the fire of the militia was terrific.

Just as the rapidly increasing flames had gutted the lower floors and had begun to creep up into the offices, volleys of musketry were heard from the direction of South Court street, where a barricade had been erected. Each volley sounded like the boom of a cannon, and the frightened crowd ran for their lives before the awful storm of lead. The bullets struck against the brick buildings on the west side of Main street with an ominous sound. As the crowd poured out of South Court street into Main street one man after another was seen to reel and fall. Some crawled around the corner on their hands and knees, while others were carried tenderly by their fellows, who were brave enough to stand and assist them. Nothing was heard from the immense throng except imprecations against the militia. "Set fire to the armory!" "Burn the town!" and like cries were heard on every side. Meanwhile a scattering fire was being delivered, and the feelings of the infuriated mob grew more intense every instant. The wounded were carried away as rapidly as possible, and the dead were cared for later. This was the short-range firing by the twelve men stationed behind the barricade. They fired three rounds (thirty-six shots) into the densely packed crowd, and fired to kill.

Three men were carried to the drug store at Court and Walnut streets. Edward Wise, of 448 Main street, was shot through the foot. He said he belonged to the First regiment, Company A, and was shot down by members of his own company. Kolp, of 50 Eastern avenue was badly wounded. Many of the dead and

wounded were left lying on the streets a long time because they could not be taken away with safety.

At 11 o'clock the Fourteenth regiment arrived, and its commander, Col. Freeman, proceeded to clear the streets on the north, south and west sides of the Court-house. Arriving on Main street, the regiment opened fire up and down Main and Court streets. The crowd fled and took refuge in the intersecting streets, leaving their dead behind. The slaughter was great, but not so great relatively as that caused by the volley from the twelve men behind the barricades. It was a long time before the dead and wounded from this firing could be gathered up. The dead were taken to Undertaker Hagib's and the wounded to the hospital. About twenty of the rioters were killed or mortally and seriously wounded.

John Kelly, of Company F, Columbus Guards, was taken to the City Hospital with a bullet wound in his leg, near the ankle. He said his company had been in front nearly all the time, and over a dozen had fallen, to his knowledge. Sergt. Amy was shot through the neck, and Private Charles Seizer in the temple, but not dangerously.

The scene at Hagib's morgue was frightful. Eight corpses on a long table, with blood-spots on the clothing and bullet-holes in various parts of the bodies, gave evidence of the cause of death. All except one had the appearance of having been laboring men. That one is the body of a neatly-dressed person, but as no mark of violence was found, it is supposed that he died from fright.

Burdall's drug store, on Main street, was turned into a hospital for wounded soldiers. Among those there were Lieutenant-Colonel Wm. M. Longett, of the Fourteenth regiment, Columbus, slightly wounded; Sergt. Mike Malone, Company B, First regiment, Cincinnati, flesh wounds; Capt. Black, Company F, Fourteenth regiment, wounded in the right hand; First Sergeant Amil, Company F, Fourteenth regiment, wounded in the right hand and three slight wounds in the head and legs; Private W. H. Schoney, Company F, Fourteenth regiment, wounded in hip and leg, and Private J. H. Kelly, Company F, Fourteenth regiment, three slight leg wounds.

When the County Treasurer's office was burning, Capt. Desmond marched at the head of a detachment of militia to save the public property. A bullet from the mob went crashing through his brain, killing him instantly. At nearly the same moment Sergeant McLean was shot in the shoulder and Private McGuire through the lung. Capt. Desmond was a valuable officer of the First regiment National Guard, and never shirked duty. He was a member of the law firm of Healy, Brennan & Desmond.

After the dispersion of the mob by the Fourteenth regiment, a large portion of the crowd moved south on Main street, and, stopping in front of Powell's gun store, which is on that thoroughfare, between Fourth and Fifth streets, made preparations to force an entrance. Private Watchman John Connelly faced the men and said: "Don't smash in the windows. If you will enter, do so decently." They acted on the suggestion, and started forward. There was an unexpected report of a pistol (some one said it came from the inside of the store), and the foremost man fell. A second shot, and another man went down. Hesitating for a moment another advance was made and more shots were heard, until five men were lying on the ground, two of whom were dead and three wounded. The dead were: Jno. Dugan, who lived on Jones street. One bullet had entered the left eye and another the center of the head. Thomas A. Given, a colored man, was the second victim, a ball having entered his breast. The crowd after this contented itself with igniting some barrels and rolling them against Powell's store, where they burned without doing any damage to the building.

J. S. Bellevue, of 64 Milton street, while standing in the new market house at Court and Walnut streets, was exposed to a shower of bullets. He escaped with a slight scalp wound and a hole through his hat. Geo. Gockel was shot at Vine and Court streets through both legs while crossing the street.

The mob had a cannon at Fourth and Walnut streets. They seemed to have no powder, and were trying to get some. They had obtained kegs of iron to be used instead of canister, and were moving up Fourth street, when a squad of thirty policemen emerged from the Hammond street station-house, on'y half a square south of Fourth street, and, by a gallant charge, without firing a pistol, captured all of the guns and dispersed the mob. There were no casualties, except from the use of clubs. The police all through have shown remarkable bravery and coolness under all the circumstances. This capture weakened the spirit of the mob to such an extent that at 3:45 A. M. Sunday quiet was restored and the mob had dispersed. The dead were still lying in the streets in the vicinity of the conflict.

It was the gallant work of Col. Freeman's Fourteenth regiment that finally cleared the streets, and gave the authorities control of the entire space about the Court-house and jail. Col. Hawkins had evidently misunderstood the motives of the mob. He thought the prisoners in the jail were their objective point, whereas if they had any purpose at all it was to take revenge on the militia for the previous night's reckless firing.

The burning of the Court-house was wholly aimless and malicious. The destruction of the building did not aid the mob at all in getting at the prisoners or in doing harm to the militia. It was purely wanton. Nor was there any excuse for the failure to protect this property.

On Sunday the Mayor issued a formal call for a meeting of citizens to devise means of protecting the city from the ravages of the mob. A list of one hundred names was selected, and a majority of them were notified at once. Of those notified the greater number responded to the call immediately.

Accordingly Adjutant-General Finley ordered Col. Enteken, of the Sixth regiment, with headquarters at Chillicothe, to muster his troops at once and come to Cincinnati by special train. This was done, and the regiment arrived at 4 o'clock.

Gov. Hoadly also acted and sent out messages ordering all the State troops to proceed quickly to Cincinnati. The riot virtually ended Sunday night. As the sun rose Monday morning, it shone upon polished brass cannon before the entrance of the jail, and upon the bayonets of the soldiers lying behind the barricades. Everywhere about the place were militia and policemen, which, with the stacked muskets, gave the scene a decidedly warlike appearance. All possible preparations for defense had been made, but it is hoped that there will be no further violence. It was feared that the mob would attempt to plunder the city, but this was prevented and there is every reason to believe that the trouble is over. The authorities, however, will continue the state of defense, and on

the slightest sign of trouble the most decided action will be taken at once. The lists which have been gathered of the killed and wounded differ somewhat from the first estimate. The killed number forty-eight. There are 126 wounded at the hospitals. Numbers are known to have been carried to their homes, and as they belonged to the mob their names will not be reported by their families unless it is found they are dangerously hurt. The total number of casualties was probably not far from 200, not including those who were clubbed by the police or hurt by brickbats.

The feeling against the militia is increasing. They are held responsible for the slaughter, which it is the general belief was entirely unnecessary. The mob was excited by the calling out of the militia in the beginning and was rendered furious by their reckless shooting. The buildings for the distance of a square in every direction from the Court-house are full of marks of musket-balls. It is unaccountable that there were not more killed. Every few steps blood-stains can be seen on the pavements and sidewalks. In some places there are large patches of a dark color that tell where men fell and died.

A lot of dynamite cartridges intended for use in blasting have been stolen from a contractor on Walnut Hills. There are fears that they may be used in blowing up buildings. Subscriptions have been taken for supplying the Mayor with the means to employ 2,000 extra policemen until such times as the city shall be considered safe from the ravages of bands of thieves.

At a meeting of citizens the courts were urged by resolution to arrange for the disposal of the criminal docket as rapidly as possible; in other words, to avoid the delays and technicalities which have made criminal trials almost a farce, and were indirectly the cause of the uprising. The judges held a private meeting, and it is understood that this subject was considered.

Thus far all, or nearly all, the rioters tried in the police court have been let go. They were identified as good, respectable, industrious workmen. Only a few of them have been proven to be thieves, and they have been punished. Some of the respectable rioters, however, were sentenced to the workhouse for thirty days, which sentence was in every case suspended on condition that they remain indoors after dark.

Capt. Folger, who commanded the detachment of militia which fired the first shots, publishes a card denying the statement that he ordered his men to fire. He says:

"Sheriff Hawkins gave the order in the words, 'Give it to 'em, boys, fire,' and in the excitement I could not stop them, so I cried, 'For Christ's sake, boys, fire high.' My men would never have fired if it had not been that four of them were wounded with stones and shots from the crowd, and they shot on the Sheriff's order. I have been in the war. I would rather face an enemy than such a crowd of citizens, with whom I have a fellow-feeling, and I would not rashly give an order such as it has been said I gave."

A JERSEY HERO.

An Old Man Who Has Saved Sixty-two Lives.

[With Portrait.]

Archie Parks, an old man living by the canal feeder, Trenton, N. J., has saved sixty-two lives in his time. He saved a little girl's life a few weeks ago. In an interview, recently, he gave an account of his rescues. He said:

"I can't go over them all, but I'll mention some. I saved Steve Wyncoop, who fell into the Prison Basin. I was in bed another night when a call came for me that a man was making for the feeder for suicide. I jumped out and got there in time to nab him as he went down the third time. Another day I was coming through Montgomery street, when I saw a boy riding on a sled. He had hitched to a milkman's wagon. The sled rope had got around his neck, and he was choking. The milkman wouldn't stop, not seeing the boy, so I grabbed his horse and saved the lad. At Pennington, another day, a lady with two children was getting off a morning train. She was on the point of falling under, when I grabbed the woman and one child and pushed the other on the platform."

"Another time Jack Donnelly would have smothered while fixing a boiler at the rubber works if I had not hauled him out. One New Year's Eve I was in bed in the swamp when I heard 'murder.' I got out quick and found a man, head down, in a big bank of snow, unable to get up. He had been assaulted and robbed. I got him out and caught the robbers, who went to prison. I saved a Ewing Township farmer twice from robbery, and may be murder, in the swamp. I have saved scores from drowning in the creek, most were small boys and don't count."

"And how much have you got Archie," was asked, "for your services?"

"Once I got an old soldier's overcoat for stopping two burglars from stealing a valuable team back of Hanover street. I got the suit of clothes I told you about, and I got twenty-five cents for saving a rich man's son. That's all I ever saw for saving sixty-two lives."

JAMES PROCTOR.

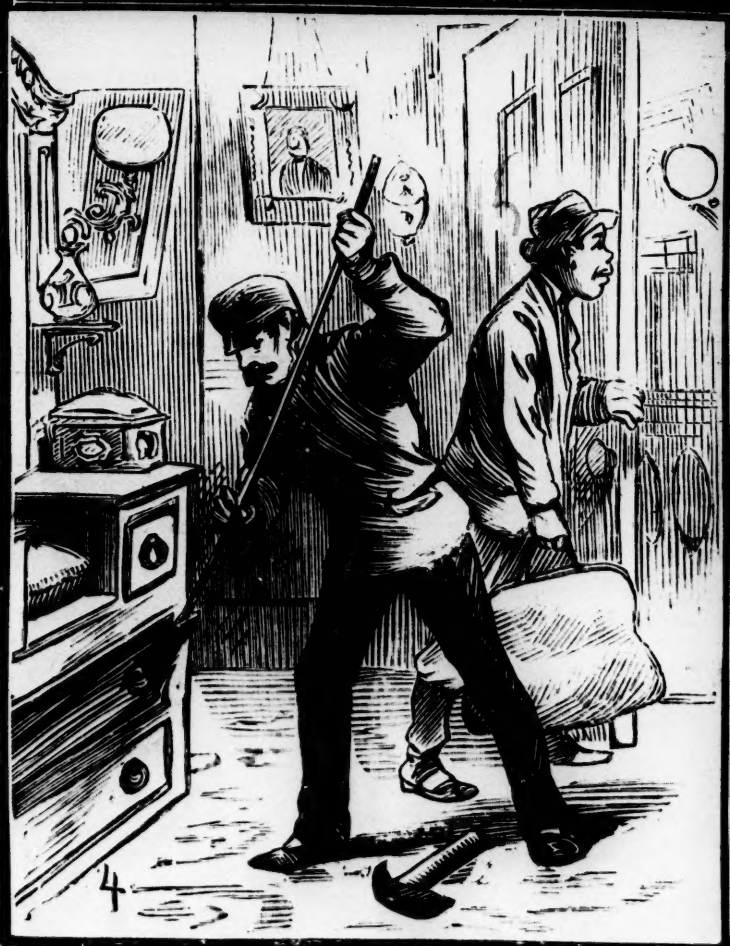
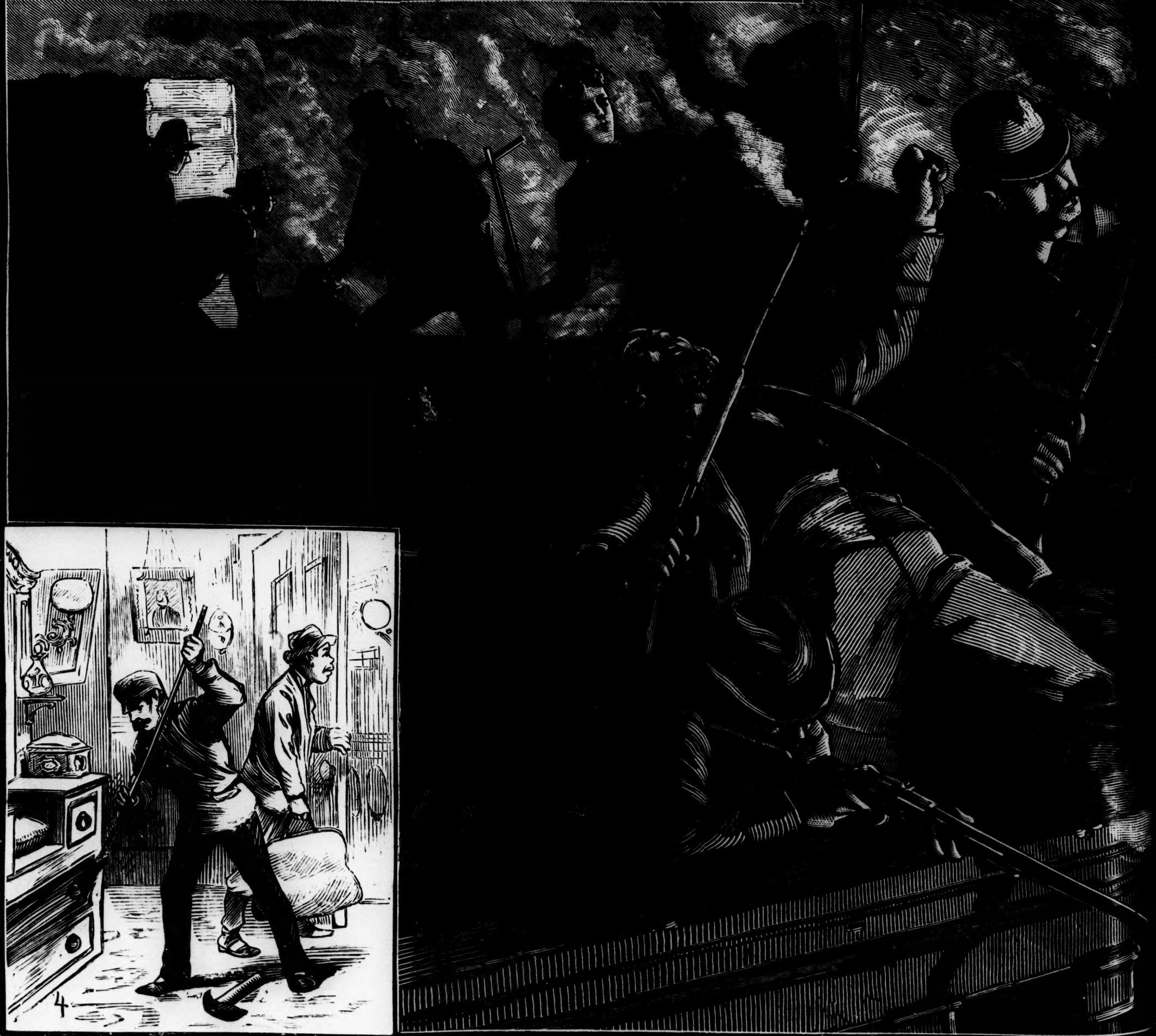
[With Portrait.]

We present this week a portrait recently taken by Gilbert & Bacon, of Philadelphia, of the veteran actor, James Proctor. He is one of the last of the old school of actors that delighted the fathers of the present generation, and is still a hale and hearty man, delighting the theatre-goers of to-day. How often he has played "Nick of the Woods," it would probably be difficult for even himself to say. A contemporary of the great lights of the American stage of half a century ago, the companion of most of those prominently connected with theatres since that time, and the mentor of many now striving for recognition in histrionic circles, he is probably the best-preserved man on the history of the American stage now living.

A PLUCKY POLICEMAN.

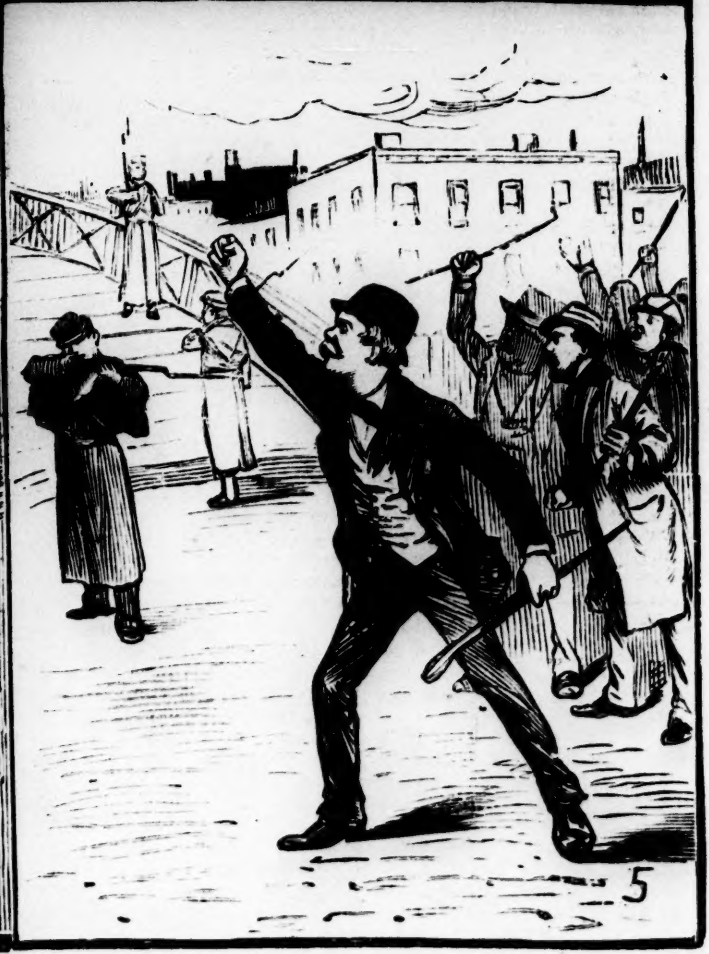
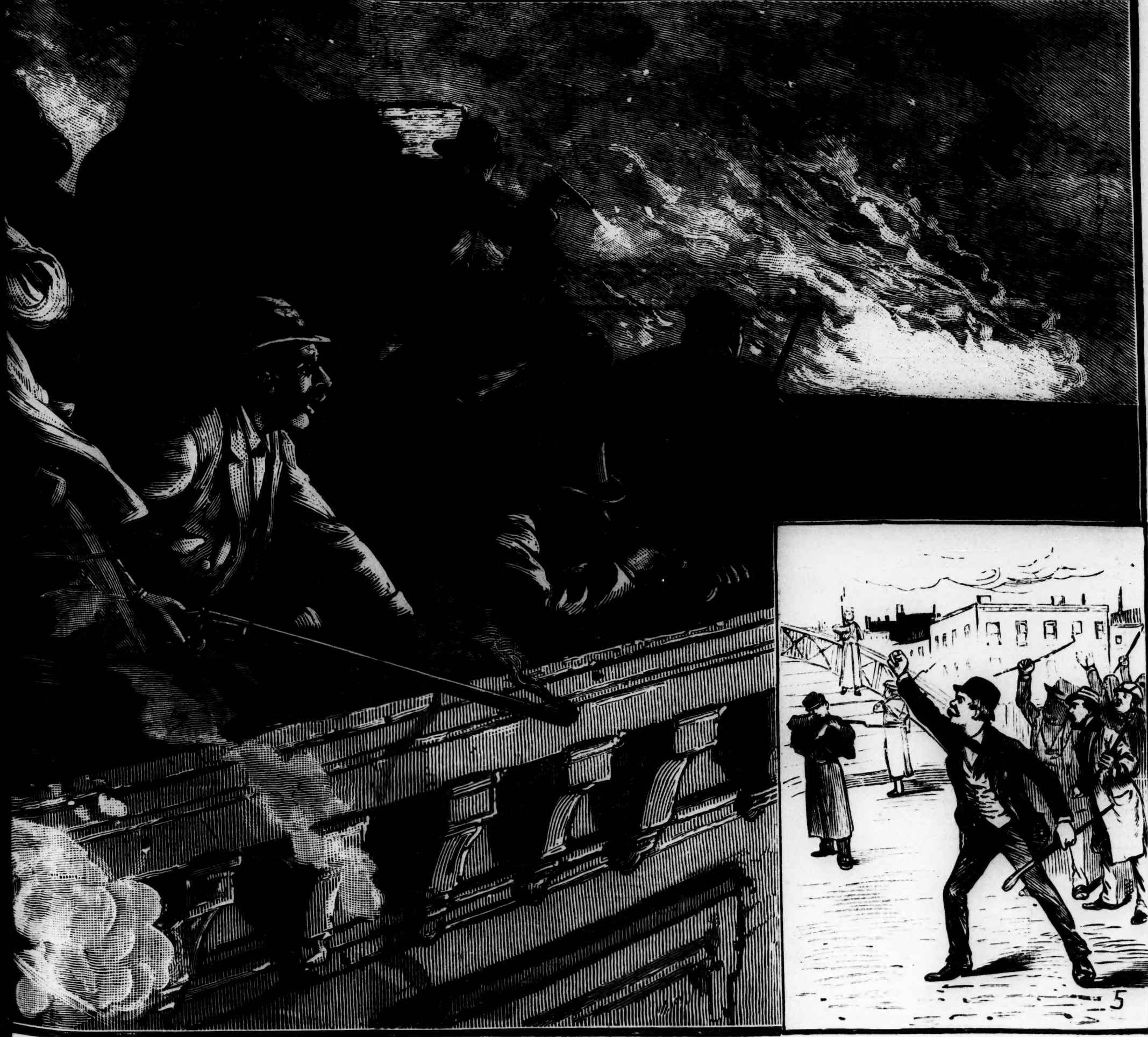
[With Portrait.]

Policeman John Stebbins, of Cadiz, Ohio, is one of the pluckiest men on the force. He recently distinguished himself by shooting one of the most desperate characters in that locality. A colored desperado named Jesse Lawrence, who was recently freed from the Penitentiary and went to his home in Cadiz, engaged in a fight with a man named Hilligass. Policeman Stebbins ordered the men to quit, when Lawrence pulled a revolver and threatened to shoot the officer. Stebbins was too quick for him, and shot the rough through the heart. Death resulted immediately.



SLAUGHTERING GOOD MEN

EPISODES OF THE CINCINNATI RIOTS, AS SKETCHED BY "POLICE GAZETTE" SPECIAL ARTISTS. I--A HOUSE
THE ABSENTEES. V--DEFYING DEATH. VI--THE MURDERER



SAVE MURDERERS' LIVES.

I--THE BURNING OF THE COURT-HOUSE. II--FIRING THE COURT-HOUSE. III--THE BURNING OF THE COURT-HOUSE. IV--PLUNDERING WILLIAM BERNER. VII--HIS ACCOMPLICE, ARTHUR PALMER.

THE PRIZE RING.

Opinions and Speculations as to the Next Champion.

Is Thompson or Kilrain the Coming Man?—Mitchell, Sheriff and Other Candidates.

Since John Kilrain met Charles Mitchell, the heavy-weight champion of England, at Boston, David Blanchard and James Keenan think they have found a second John L. Sullivan. And they intend to put him to the fore and back him against all comers. Kilrain is evidently a better pugilist than many give him credit for. He deserves great praise for the display he made with Mitchell on the 26th of March. Kilrain was facing one of the greatest pugilists living. It was Kilrain's first appearance in public. He fought a draw with Jim Goode, but that contest was decided in the Crib Club at Boston, and it was only a private affair. The only question is, did Mitchell try to do his best or was he in harness? It has been reported among the knowing ones that make Billy Madden's Athletic Hall, in Thirteenth street, their headquarters, that Mitchell did not want to knock out Kilrain at Boston, that he only intended to make a satisfactory show. On the other hand, the sporting men of the Hub claim that Mitchell could not knock out Kilrain if he tried, and that is just how the matter stands. Many persons have an idea that it is an easy matter to knock out a pugilist in four three-minute rounds, but they labor under a delusion. A clever little man may stop or knock out a clumsy big man, but there is no clever little man able to knock out a clever big one in four rounds or on time. Kilrain stands 5 feet 10 inches in height; he weighs 176 pounds. He is a very clever scientific sparrer, and should be able to defeat most any pugilist. He is not as well posted on ring tactics as many who have had more experience, and he has a great many points to learn. All he requires is a scientific teacher like Charley Norton, the light-weight champion, to instruct him thoroughly, and then, if he has the pluck and courage, he may develop into a promising candidate for the championship. At present he is miles behind championship form, and would be no match for Mitchell unless it were in a four three-minute-round contest.

Keenan, of Boston, is fairly carried away on Kilrain. He thinks that, with a little training and teaching, he will be a match for John L. Sullivan.

Arthur Chambers, who is a capital judge, says Kilrain is a likely pugilist, but that he will be able to give a better opinion of Kilrain's abilities after Sheriff and the new Boston wonder meet in the ring.

Dominick McCaffrey, of Pittsburgh, wants to meet Kilrain, but the latter's backers decline to have any dealing with the Pittsburgh pugilist. Why didn't McCaffrey meet Kilrain when he was in Boston? Keenan says, "Because he was afraid. I have better men for Kilrain to meet than McCaffrey. I am going to put him against Mitchell, Sheriff, Thompson, and then Sullivan."

Patsy Sheppard, the popular sporting man, and mine host of the Abbey, 71 Harrison avenue, Boston, who was one of Kilrain's seconds when he met Mitchell, says: "Kilrain is a great pugilist. He is liable to whip anybody except Sullivan. It is only his second go. Wait until you see him meet Mitchell again."

David Blanchard says: "Kilrain is another Boston wonder. He will be just as formidable as Sullivan, if he keeps on improving. I guess he surprised Mitchell."

Pat Campbell, who keeps a sporting house at No. 8 Howard street, Boston, says: "John L. Sullivan will have to look to his laurels, for Kilrain is a dangerous candidate. I should like to see Jim Keenan put him against Mervine Thompson."

Tim McCarthy, the Grand Mogul of the Crib Club of Boston, says: "Boston is the place to raise pugilists. We turned out a champion heavy weight of the world when we paraded Sullivan, and now we have Kilrain."

Jack Stewart, who at one time owned Jack Stewart, the great twenty-mile trotter, now on the Pacific Slope, says: "Kilrain is a clever boxer, and may make a champion. He is evidently no match for Mitchell."

John Haydock, the pedestrian, says: "Kilrain held his own well with Mitchell, but the latter did not come up to my expectations."

Bill Mahoney, one of the most popular sporting men in Boston, says: "Kilrain is going to be a champion. He surprised Mitchell and Madden, and they did not have it all their own way."

Mike Gleason, the noted sporting man of Boston, says: "Kilrain can defeat all the pugilists in America, bar Sullivan, with Mitchell thrown in."

Billy Madden says: "Kilrain is the makings of a first-class pugilist. He is a big, strong fellow, but no match for Mitchell."

Mitchell says: "Kilrain is a strong fellow; he is a hard man to set at; he cannot beat me with or without the gloves."

It is now evident that John Kilrain, the heavy-weight pugilist of Boston, and Charley Mitchell, the champion of England, will be matched to contend in the prize ring arena, for \$2,000. On March 28 James Keenan, of Boston, who was Sullivan's principal backer when he fought Paddy Ryan, accepted the challenge issued by Billy Madden on behalf of Mitchell, and forwarded \$500 to Richard K. Fox, with the following reply to Mitchell's challenge:

BOSTON, MASS., March 28, 1884.

Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, New York:

DEAR SIR:—In reply to the challenge issued by Billy Madden, on behalf of Charles Mitchell, wherein he offers to wager \$1,000 that Mitchell can best any pugilist in America in four rounds, to be governed by the new "Police Gazette" Revised Queensberry rules, I state that I will accept the challenge on behalf of John Kilrain, of Boston. To prove that I mean business, please find inclosed \$500 to cover Madden's \$500. I will meet Madden and Mitchell at your office in New York any day they may name to arrange the match. I will agree to have the contest decided inside of four weeks, and as Madden and Mitchell propose that you shall be final stakeholder and referee, you will suit Kilrain and myself to fill both positions or any one you may select. I shall be satisfied if the contest be decided either in New York or Boston, the winner to receive sixty-five and the loser thirty-five per cent. of the re-

ceipts. Hoping for an early reply from Madden and his champion, who know I mean business, I remain, yours,

JAMES KEENAN.

In a barn, at New Haven, Conn., on March 26, Eugene Smith and Sam Chase, colored pugilists, fought according to the "Police Gazette" Queensberry rules, for a purse. Chase weighed 170 pounds while his opponent weighed 190 pounds. Only three rounds were fought when Chase, who turned out to be quite a pugilist, pounded Smith unmercifully, and, as he refused to continue, Chase was declared the winner.

In reply to the recent offer of Jimmy Weeden, the Pittsburg pugilist, to box any light weight, Bob Farrell, the well-known New York pugilist, who is on a successful sparring tour with Harry Woodson, the Black Diamond, writes as follows to the POLICE GAZETTE:

COLUMBUS, OHIO, April 1, 1884.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE: Having read a challenge in the POLICE GAZETTE from James Weeden, of Pittsburg, who states he is willing to box any light weight in America, please state that I shall be pleased to meet Mr. Weeden at any time or place he may mention, and contest four or six rounds or to a finish, with regulation boxing gloves, "Police Gazette" rules to govern the contest, the winner to take all the gate receipts.

Respectfully yours,

BOB FARRELL.

At Tincum, Pa., on the 26th ult., there was a slashing prize fight between Jack Stirlith, of Chester, and Ned Copeland, a colored boxer, of Philadelphia, who has been spending a portion of his time in this city. Stirlith is a young man about twenty-four years of age, of good physique, medium height, and weighs 170 pounds. Copeland is a tall, angular-looking colored fellow, of about the same age, and stands nearly 6 feet in his stockings, of slim build, and weighs 175 pounds.

The fight was conducted according to the Marquis of Queensberry rules, for a purse. Stirlith was handled by Andrew Oesterley, and Copeland by Ike Rothwell.

The fight was a desperate one. Copeland secured the first knock-down in the second round, and sent his man under the ropes, thereby gaining an advantage, which, if he had followed it up at the time, might have resulted disastrously to his opponent. The third and fourth rounds were a repetition of the first, and both men employed the time walking around the ring, both afraid to lead off, until time was called, when they took to their quarters. Stirlith got in one or two hard right-hand blows just above the belt of his adversary in the third round, which rather took the black's wind, but he saw the dodge, and was on his guard. The fight ended rather abruptly in the fifth round, when the black permitted Stirlith to get over his guard and get in a right-handed blow which sent him sprawling under the ropes. He failed to rise at the expiration of 10 seconds, the limited time, and when he attempted to regain his feet at the end of 23 seconds, at the solicitation of his second and backers, Stirlith followed up his advantage and delivered one or two effective blows after a rapid exchange. Copeland's backers claimed a foul, and for a time a row was imminent, but after some jangling the matter was left to the referee, who awarded the fight to Stirlith.

Dominick McCaffrey has left Pittsburg. Tom Hughes, the well-known sporting man, says that McCaffrey has been boycotted in the Smoky City. Hughes says McCaffrey will regret his action in informing the police of the Connors-Davis fight recently. A number of admirers of boxing in that city are arranging to have the affair published in all of the sporting papers in the country. It will greatly injure McCaffrey's reputation among the fraternity. It is known positively that he furnished the police the "tip" simply for spite for being refused admittance to the fight because he would not pay the admission fee of \$15. When the police made the raid, McCaffrey pointed out the principals. His action will be remembered by all of the persons who were present at the Davis-Connors fight, and his future benefits will no doubt be tame affairs. McCaffrey expects to have a benefit at the Coliseum on April 12, when he and Sheriff, the Prussian, will have a bout, but no sporting man will attend.

Frank White, the boniface of the Champions' Rest, corner of Houston and Bowery, New York, is eager to arrange a glove contest with Billy Frazier. White appears very anxious to meet the Boston light weight, and it is strange that one of the many sporting men at Boston do not bring about a match, by either backing Frazier to meet White or offering a purse for the pugilists to contend for.

J. McHenry and R. Dalton, of Running Water, W. T., send the following letter which we publish:

RUNNING WATER, W. T., March 28, 1884.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE: In the Rochell Mining District, W. T., we have a pugilist who is eager to fight John L. Sullivan, or any pugilist in America if Sullivan is not eager to fight. We propose to back Frank De Castro against any pugilist in America, to fight a fair stand-up fight, according to the rules of the London prize ring, for from \$1,000 to \$2,500 a side. We will post \$500 with James McStingey, postmaster of Wenlon, W. T., or with Richard K. Fox, to prove that we mean business; or, we will match De Castro to box any pugilist in America "Police Gazette" rules, for from \$1,000 to \$5,000, and allow any pugilist accepting, expenses to meet our champion either in Wyoming or Colorado.

JAMES MCHENRY.

R. DALTON.

De Castro stands 5 feet 10 inches in height, weighs 202 pounds, and is twenty-six years of age.

The Ohio State Journal says: "Bob Farrell, the New York pugilist, is one of the most graceful and gamey men who dons the gloves, and can give points to the most learned in the profession. In conversation with Farrell it was learned that he endeavors as far as is in his power to copy after Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE, in regard to giving an audience what he promises, and leaving all satisfied. He looks upon Fox as the soul of honor in the business, and states that he has done more than any other one man to kill off hippodroming and elevate the standard of the manly art."

The great glove fight for the "Police Gazette" medal, representing the championship of Tombstone, Arizona, was fought for at Schiefelma Hall, Tombstone, on March 18. The principals were Nell McLeod of Tombstone, the holder of the trophy, and Billy Lynn of Tucson. Great interest was manifested over the contest, and the hall was packed.

Paddy Ryan got hit right in the neck at Chicago, recently. It was nearly as hard a blow as Sullivan landed with his terrific right on Ryan's left jugular the day they met in the ring at Mississippi City.

Ryan was looking at a cocking main being fought in Chicago and was betting five dollars on a dark-red which was pitted against a pale. The fowl Ryan was backing finally ran away, when Paddy shouted, "Why, he is a dunghill." "Oh, no," said the owner of the dark red, "he has only dropped his truss, you have not forgot Mississippi so soon, have you, Paddy?" It was a hard blow for Ryan.

The terms and conditions of the match were explained to the audience by the referee, Geo. Mahon, a well-known sporting man, suggested that fouls be barred as well as the number of rounds, but the referee stated that the principals would not agree to it, and that the fight would be according to "Police Gazette" rules in every particular, except the limitation to number of rounds. Lynn, accompanied by his seconds, Jim Chatham and Tim Sullivan, entered the ring at 8:28. He wore white trunks and white hose, with a green silken sash around his waist. In a few moments McLeod entered with his seconds, Jack McDonald and Tom Harris. McLeod wore white trunks and red hose, with an orange-colored silk handkerchief around his waist. The difference in the size of the two men was very noticeable, McLeod being several inches taller than Lynn, and weighing 167 pounds, while Lynn weighed but 135 pounds. The referee called time at 8:43, whereupon the principals stepped to the center of the ring, shook hands, and at once assumed a defensive position.

ROUND 1.—After some sparring, a few well-directed blows from McLeod forced Lynn down at the ropes in his corner.

ROUND 2.—McLeod succeeded in planting one straight from the left shoulder just over Lynn's left eye, which sent him to the floor. He quickly recovered, but received another left-hander that sent him a second time to the floor.

ROUND 3.—Closed without another knock-down, but with Mac a little winded.

ROUND 4.—Lynn was again forced down under the ropes and claimed a foul, which, however, was not allowed by the referee.

ROUND 5.—Several good blows were well planted by both parties. Lynn at length made a pass at McLeod, intended to take effect just above the belt, but it fell short. Seeing it was going to be followed with another powerful lick from Mac, Lynn dropped upon his knees and received what many believed he had been playing for—a foul: the referee instantly awarding Lynn the fight. George Brooks was referee, and his decision was considered a fair one.

Up to the time the POLICE GAZETTE went to press John L. Sullivan had not replied to the challenge issued by Duncan C. Ross to back Mervine Thompson, neither had Al. Smith, Sullivan's backer, covered the \$2,500 Ross has posted with Richard K. Fox to prove he is in earnest. It was understood by dispatches from San Francisco that Sullivan would lose no time in covering Ross' money after it was posted, but it does not look that way. Thompson is not wasting time. He trains daily, and reports from Cleveland claim that he is improving every day. All sporting men are anxiously awaiting to see whether Sullivan will fight Thompson or not. Many claim the match will never be arranged; that Sullivan would not risk his reputation by meeting Thompson, who, many claim, is just such a wonder as Sullivan was when he loomed into prominence, by knocking out Taylor, Donaldson, Flood, Elliott, etc. Thompson has been successful in every match he has engaged in since he met Baker, and his backer, Duncan C. Ross, who always knows what he is about, stands ready with \$5,000 to back his opinion that Thompson can beat any man in the world. Sullivan stands in a gap. His reputation is at stake, and he should at once come to the front and agree to fight Thompson.

Tom Kearns, the noted sporting man, will again have charge of the bars and refreshment-stands at Saratoga, Jerome and Long Branch race meetings. This will be a source of satisfaction to his many friends. Kearns also is one of the proprietors of the Champions' Rest, near Houston street, in the Bowery; keeps a hotel at Fordham, and has a popular resort on the road.

The Pacific Life, San Francisco, states that James A. Slattery, who trained Geo. M. Robinson for his shuffling match with Sullivan, has challenged Herbert A. Slade to a contest with hard gloves, Marquis of Queensberry rules to govern, for \$500 a side. James A. Slattery is a native of County Kilkenny, Ireland, and twenty-two years of age. When in condition he weighs in the neighborhood of 170 pounds, and stands 5 feet 10½ inches in height. He has already fought eight stubborn, fiercely-contested battles, in all of which his performances proved alike creditable to himself and satisfactory to his friends and the general public. A hard, clean, scientific biter, of unquestioned pluck and staying power, with a clear, quick eye, and above all a cool head and well-balanced, active brain, he certainly possesses and combines all the peculiar attributes so essential in the successful pugilist, as was conclusively proven in his match with Jack Brady, one of our best men, when nineteen hard rounds were fought and the battle finally declared a draw. His recent hard-glove set-to with Bill Williams, the colored heavy weight, near Berkeley, Cal., also showed him to be a game fighter, a terrible striker and a regular veteran at "facing the music." He was also one of the trainers of Robinson in the recent racket with Sullivan, and reliable authority has it that on more than one occasion previous to the fiasco he knocked Robinson topsy-turvy at the training-grounds. Be that as it may, if Slattery "did up" Robinson, he can certainly be counted on rattling the Maori even more lively than George, and gracious knows that was next to besting.

In regard to John Kilrain, the Boston Star says: "James Keenan is thoroughly justified in his opinion of the second Sullivan, and it looks as though Kilrain has a great future before him. The beauty of Kilrain is this: that a young and comparatively unknown man stood up for four rounds against the English champion, and, in the sparring of the first three, had certainly the even of it if not the best of it."

Advices from England state that Batt Mullins has issued a challenge to box Bill Goode at 144 pounds, for £100 a side and upward.

At Cleveland, Ohio, on March 27, Dick Wentling and W. S. Layton, who were arrested March 22 at the armory while giving a sparring exhibition which the police held to be a violation of the Revised Statutes, had their cases called up in the police court in Cleveland. The defense admitted the facts as charged, but essayed to make the point that a glove contest is not a fight at fistfists; but Judge Hutchins held that the spirit of the law was violated, and fined the defendants the costs. The police by this decision are charged with the duty of arresting all sluggers who attempt to give exhibitions of their skill in that city, and Cleveland will not be as inviting a field for sluggers as it was not long ago.

A prize fight came off at Fort Buford, D. T., on the 27th ult., between Keyes, of Company F, and Harry Cowles, of Company E, 15th Infantry. Both men have had some experience in the business before, Cowles coming from Connecticut, while Keyes hails from Cincinnati, O. Keyes is a man about 165 pounds and about 5 feet 8 inches and very muscular. Cowles only tips the beam at 143 pounds, and about 5 feet 5½ inches and not a very muscular man, but Cowles being superior to Keyes in pugilistic science, it was looked upon as an even match, the stakes being \$100 a side, deposited with Sergeant Smith, Company H, 11th Infantry, who was chosen final stakeholder, the fight to be governed by "Police Gazette" rules.

The ring was pitched upon the banks of the muddy Missouri river. Billy Short seconded Cowles, while Dan Grady did the honors for Keyes. McElroy, of Company H, 11th Infantry, was chosen referee. Waters, of Company F, 15th Infantry, being time-keeper. At 4:30 P. M., the men entered the ring, both confident of victory, and both apparently in good condition. At 4:35 time was called and both stepped to the center of the ring and shook hands, and immediately threw themselves into position. After some sparring for an opening Cowles led off, and sent in a ringing blow on the jaw. Keyes retaliated by a straight right-hander upon the neck, which sent Cowles spinning around, but quickly got to work again, and tried at the head. When they got to in-fighting Cowles clinched and tried to throw his man, but failed, Keyes remarking, "Oh, Harry, you can't throw me." This closed the round. The second round was only a repetition of the first. There was some hard fighting in the third round, Keyes sending his man down beautifully and drawing first blood and first knock-down. This ended the round.

In the fourth round Cowles' second claimed a foul, and it was considered as such by the most of the spectators present, but was overruled by the referee; at the end of this round Cowles seemed to be dazed. The fifth round was mostly in-fighting and wrestling, Keyes throwing his man and falling heavily upon him; at the end of this round things looked pretty shaky for Cowles, but when time was called for the sixth round he went right at his man and knocked him all around the ring, and the round ended in his favor. But Keyes retaliated nicely in the seventh by ending the round in knocking his man sprawling by a straight right-hander between the eyes. The eighth and ninth rounds were mostly in-fighting and wrestling, Keyes throwing his man and falling heavily upon him. In the tenth round Cowles did some good fighting and knocked Keyes all in a heap, which ended the round. Every one now thought Cowles had an easy victory, although his "phiz" was pretty badly spoiled, his left eye entirely closed, and his left cheek would remind one of a spoiled beef-steak, while Keyes did not look much the worse for the fight, although it was easily to be seen that he was getting weak and his blows did not tell as in the commencement.

The eleventh and twelfth rounds were a repetition of the eighth and ninth, but in the thirteenth round Cowles seemed to have things his own way, and knocked Keyes all around the ring, but, much to the surprise of his second and friends, he refused to come up for the fourteenth round, and Keyes was declared the winner and received great applause from his friends. Darkness was now coming on, and the two pugilists were taken to the company quarters, sponged off and put to bed. Both are now on the sick report. Another fight is talked of.

Capt. Dalton has been caught in a mean trick, according to the Chicago News. On March 21, at Chicago, a four-round glove contest was announced between Dalton and a local boxer named Anderson. After a few preliminary passages Dalton struck Anderson several heavy blows, when the countenance of the latter was shown to be covered with blood from several deep gashes. The police parted the men, and one of them seized Dalton, disclosing the fact that to both his gloves were fastened iron knuckles, which served their purpose in mutilating the face of Anderson. The contest was not allowed to proceed, but no arrests were made.

Harry Webb, the noted sporting man, and proprietor of the "Police Gazette" Palace Hotel, at Longmont, Col., has had the misfortune to lose his wife, who died recently after a long illness.

John H. Clark, the pugilist, will probably leave the American theatre, on Callowhill street, Philadelphia, having come to satisfactory arrangements with Mr. Betz.

John Kilrain and Wm. Sheriff have been matched to box four rounds, according to Queensberry rules, at Boston, in two weeks. It will be a contest well worth witnessing, and the match will no doubt create a furor.

Tom Murray has covered the deposit of Young Britt, of Germantown, Pa., who challenged him to a four-round glove fight, Marquis of Queensberry rules for \$100 a side. Murray agrees to fight Britt with either hard or soft gloves, in a private room, four weeks from signing articles.

A prize fight was fought at Pittsburg, Pa., on March 28, just outside the city limits, between Fred Hoyt and James Hammer, alias Madden, for a purse of \$150. Hoyt failed to come to time for the fourth round, and the purse was awarded to his opponent. The pugilists fought according to London prize ring rules.

Arthur Chambers, Wm. Sheriff, Jimmy Mitchell, Billy Madden, Charley Mitchell, Charley Norton and Joe Wooley desire through the POLICE GAZETTE to return thanks to Joe Goss, James Keenan, Patsy Sheppard and the sporting men of the Hub generally, for courtesies extended to them while on their visit to Boston.

On April 1 Richard K. Fox was found at his sporting palace, in Franklin square, and interviewed in reference to Al. Smith's statement, given publicly through an Associate Press dispatch, that the \$2,500 now posted at the POLICE GAZETTE office to back Mervine Thompson to fight John L. Sullivan did not belong to Duncan C. Ross. He said: "Al. Smith is mistaken when he claims that I am furnishing the stakes for Mervine Thompson. When I desire to back a pugilist I do so publicly. If I were backing Thompson, why should I be afraid to say so? Besides, do you suppose I would put up \$2,500 and allow some one else to receive the credit? I guess not. The \$2,500 now posted for Mervine Thompson to fight John L. Sullivan for \$5,000 and the championship of America belongs to Duncan C. Ross. Al. Smith is mistaken when he supposes Ross cannot spare that amount. Ross is worth nearly \$20,000, and I am certain he will wager any sum he says on Thompson."

Tom McAlpine wants to know why Duncan C. Ross don't accept the challenge issued by him to match McHenry Johnson against Mervine Thompson. McAlpine has \$100 posted with Richard K. Fox.

Because He Drank and Snored.

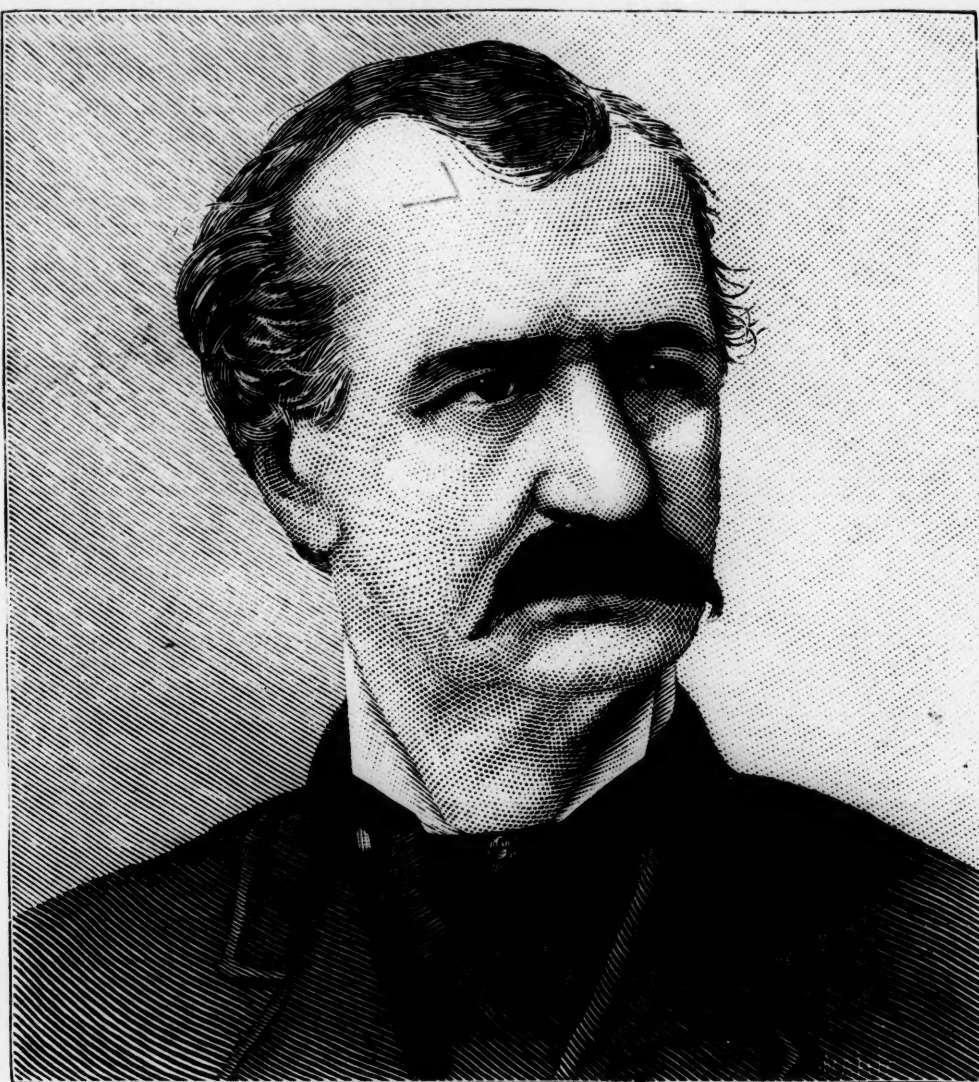
Vanderbilt Allen, a grandson of Commodore Vanderbilt and a partner in the firm of Bunker, Allen & Co., stock-brokers at 58 Broadway, this city, was married by the Rev. C. George Currie on Dec. 16, 1880, to Edith De Silver, then a school-girl, daughter of the late Frank De Silver. They lived together until Feb. 25, 1883.



MRS. VANDERBILT ALLEN,
WHO WANTS A DIVORCE BECAUSE HER HUSBAND
SNORES AND SMELLS.

On that day he left her, saying that he would not return until she had apologized for making certain accusations against him. Now she is suing him for a limited divorce.

Mrs. Allen's complaint accuses her husband of marital unfaithfulness, and of habits of intoxication, carried so far that it was unsafe for her to live with him. She also says it was his custom to snore so loudly when they lived together that she could not sleep, and that he so poisoned the atmosphere of her room as to affect her health. She also asserted that he had been on terms of improper intimacy with Mrs. Edith De Belleville, the Australian wife of De Belleville, the actor, whose divorce case was before the courts last fall.



THE POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES.

JAMES PROCTOR.

[Photo by Gilbert & Bacon, Philadelphia.]

Mr. Allen says that he parted with a very old family servant, his first wife's nurse, to oblige his second wife, whose mother, for some reason inexplicable to him, unless it was because the servant was attached to him, had conceived a prejudice against her.

"From the time she left me," he said, "I have been ready and willing to give her a home and support her and our child if she would return

to me, and am ready and willing to do so now.

"It is utterly false that since about February, 1883, and until the 25th of February, or at any other time, I was in the habit of drinking to excess.

"Since our marriage I have spent thousands of dollars for the clothing, millinery and other personal expenses of the plaintiff, and she never

desired anything and never was in need of anything either for herself or our child that I did not at once supply her with. Besides, I was in the habit of making her presents frequently, and among many other things, I recall a diamond bracelet of the value of \$700 or \$800, which I gave her one Christmas, a small writing-desk which cost about \$30, some small boxes covered with alligator's skin, which cost



MR. VANDERBILT ALLEN,
WHO DENIES BOTH THAT HE SNORES AND
SMELLS BAD.

upward of \$100, and many other things. As I am informed, and do verily believe, my wife and myself would have become reconciled at the time I last saw her, on March 6, 1883, and would now be living together happily, except for the interference of Samuel G. Adams, the plaintiff's attorney."

The case has not been decided yet.

It makes an editor mad to have word come up through the tube from the counting-room that a lady is waiting to see him, and after tramping down six flights of stairs find her to be only his wife after a ten-dollar bill.



A CENSUS OF THE POPS.

HOW AN INVESTIGATION INSTITUTED BY A PASSENGER ON A NEW YORK STREET CAR BROUGHT A YOUNG WOMAN TO THE FRONT LIKE A LITTLE MAN.

Matsada Sorakichi.

We present this week the first truthful portrait ever taken in this country of the wonderful young Japanese wrestler, who is looming up for the championship of the world. His first contest in this city, with the almost invincible Bibby, on Jan. 19, was a good beginning. The Jap lost that match, owing to his ignorance of the European style of wrestling, but he proved by his experience, and when he met Bibby again, at Clarendon Hall, on March 10, the tables were turned. Since then he made short work of Capt. James C. Daly, on March 24, and, now that he has got his hand in, we may soon expect to hear of his downing some of the other famous athletes.

James W. Smith.

Mr. James W. Smith is the leading sporting man of Seattle. Mr. Smith was born in the State of Maine in the year 1849. When quite a young man, he removed to Providence, R. I., where he worked for Lawrence Kennedy (the leading sportsman of that place) from 1871 until 1877. He then made his way toward the Pacific Coast, landing in Seattle on the 15th day of March, 1877. He is a generous, big-hearted man, well liked by everybody. He is a great promoter of sport of every kind, and is always to the fore in any sporting scheme. He is the proprietor of the Bijou theatre, and is now building another much larger one to accommodate his increased trade. He is running the best variety show on the Pacific Slope, employing none but the best talent. Mr. James Allcote, who is well known in the profession, is his manager.

Two Lives for a Bride.

Jacob Shelly, who had clandestinely married Ida Morrill, at Zonestown, Pa., shot and killed her two brothers, James and Joseph, at that place, March 28.

For about two years Miss Morrill, who is a tall, handsome blonde, aged twenty-two, and well educated, has been receiving the attentions of Shelly. She is the daughter of L. C. Morrill, a well-known citizen of Zonestown, and mingled in the best society, rejecting the attentions of young men until she met Shelly, five years ago.

It was stated that he has served a five-year term in an Illinois prison for horse-thieving. He is a remarkably handsome man, and was a favorite among the ladies until his character became known. He met Miss Morrill, and an attachment at once sprang up between them. Her parents paid no attention to the

matter until it became the gossip of the village, when they commanded her to cease encouraging the attentions of Shelly. She did not promise obedience, but their meetings became less frequent, and when she met him it was always in the presence of a third party.

During his drunken sprees Shelly had repeatedly asserted that he could marry Miss Morrill whenever he liked, and that he would do so in spite of the parents. James Morrill, her brother, met Shelly on the street some months ago and asked him if he said so. Shelly laughed at him, and a fight ensued, in which young Morrill was beaten. This intensified the feeling in the Morrill family, and a close watch was kept on Ida's movements.

On the day of the tragedy she was missed from home, and the unusual and protracted absence at once aroused suspicion. Her father went to the village in the evening and found that Shelly and Ida had been married by a justice a few hours before and that she had accompanied Shelly to his home, a short distance out of town. He returned home and informed the distracted family. Two of the girl's brothers, James and Joseph, determined to see their sister, and went to Shelly's home, where they found her in company with Shelly and his mother. Both boys began to abuse Shelly roundly, and finally James Morrill lost control of his temper and struck Shelly in the face with his clinched fist. Both men then grappled and fell to the floor. Joseph Morrill sprang to his brother's assistance, and, together, they began to beat Shelly violently. The latter succeeded in breaking loose from them, and, drawing a revolver, ordered both to leave the house. They refused and drew revolvers, but before they could use them Shelly fired, the ball striking James Morrill in the left side and penetrating the lung. Upon seeing his brother fall, Joseph fired, the bullet shattering Shelly's left arm. Shelly returned the fire, the ball entering Joseph's head.

The shots attracted the attention of the neighbors, and in a few minutes a crowd rushed into the room and found Shelly and his wife quarrelling over the prostrate bodies of her brothers. Shelly surrendered himself, saying he had shot both in self-defense. Shelly's story, that he acted in self-defense, is corroborated by what little evidence can be elicited from his half-crazed wife and his mother.

A Bloody Feud About a Chicken.

A bloody affray recently occurred between four women at Cedar Creek, W. Va. The trouble originated in a dispute between Mrs. Eliza F. Richardson, a widow, and a somewhat

notorious woman named Jane Thompson, over the ownership of a chicken. The Thompson woman resolved to kill Mrs. Richardson, and for that purpose enticed her to her house, where two other women had agreed to take a hand in the bloody business. On entering the house Mrs. Richardson was met by Jane Thompson armed with a bowie-knife, who made a lunge at her, the weapon entering her left breast and passing entirely through her body. The other two fiends assaulted the defenseless, bleeding woman with clubs and stones, while the knife was being vigorously plied. The murderers have been arrested.

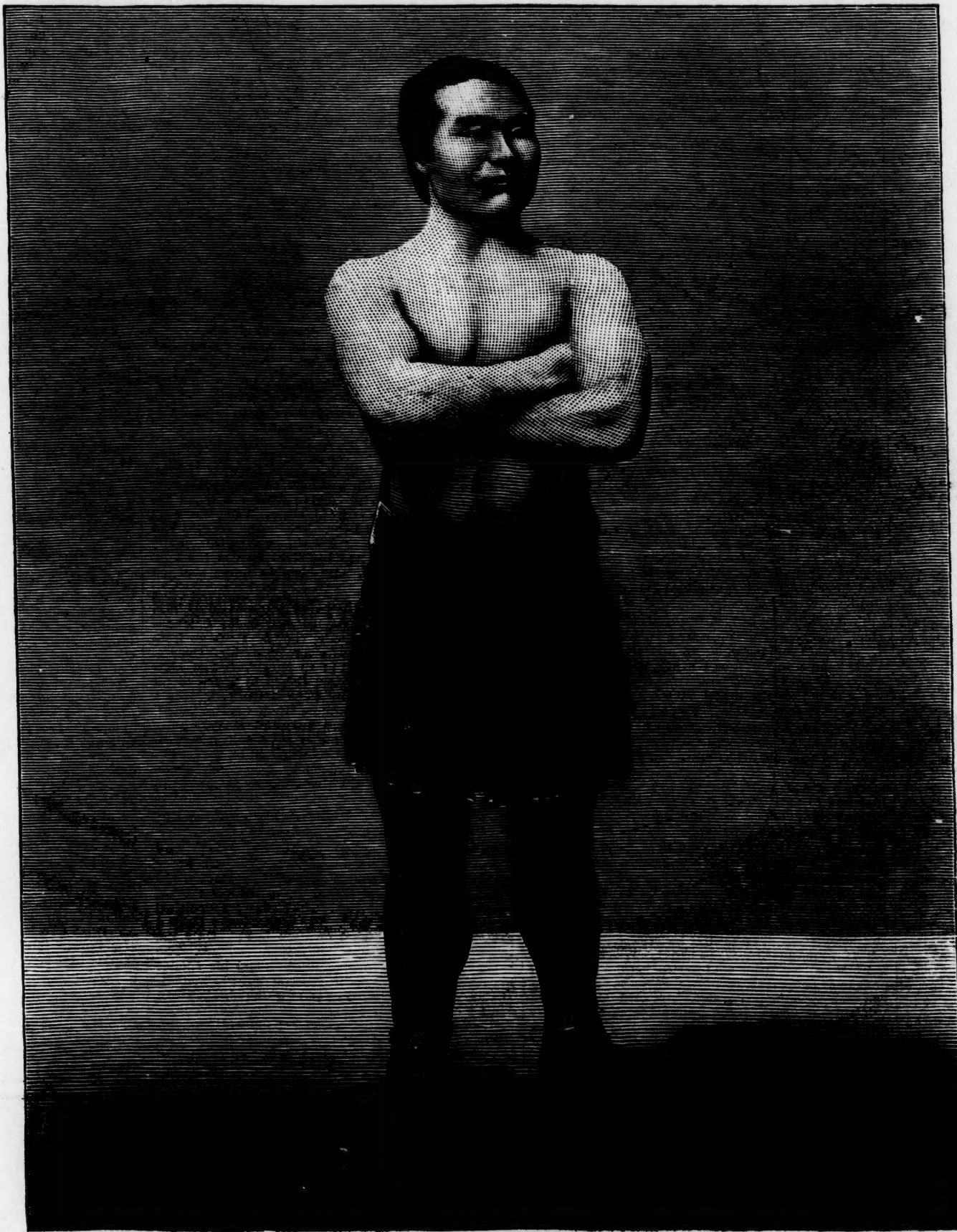
Nick Langdon.

We publish this week a portrait of one of the best-known characters in New York. Ex-Alderman Langdon stands in the same relation to local politics that the genial Sam Ward does to national politics. He is one of the most devoted patriots of Gotham, and the safety of the commonwealth is due in no small measure to the fact that, except when on important occasions he is called up town to attend a convention at Tammany or some of the other political halls, he spends the business hours of each day within a radius of a few blocks of the City Hall. He does an extensive practice at the bar at Tommy Lynch's office, Nassau and Ann streets. He has the ear of all the Democratic leaders of the city. Nature has blessed him with enough ear to go all around, or he would have succumbed to the pressure on his auricular organ long ago. At present he is very busy endeavoring to circumvent the vile plots against the city that lurk in the Roosevelt hills now before the Legislature.

A Girl the Cause of Two Murders.

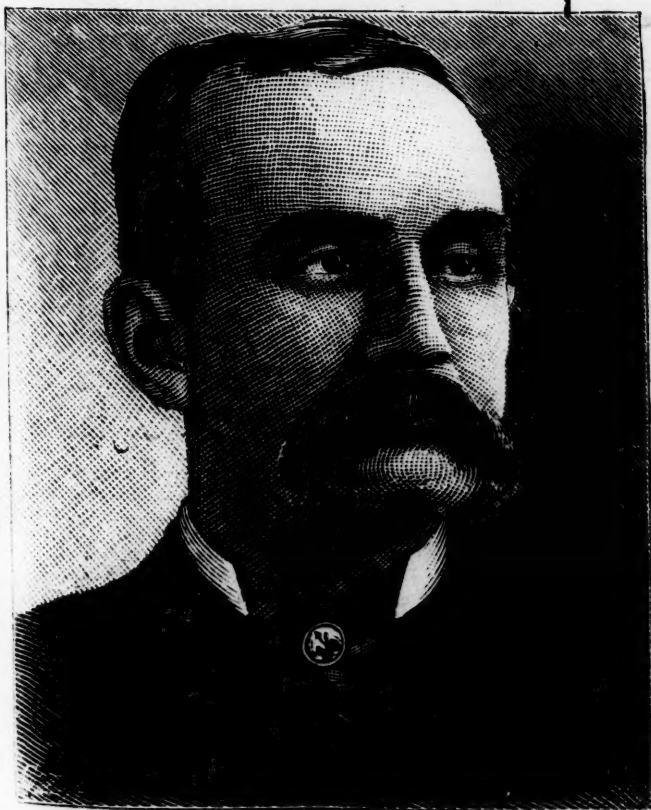
At Columbus, Ga., Sunday evening, March 30, Troy Adams was out riding with Miss Pason Hauseley, to whom he was engaged. After leaving her at her home he started back to town. On Monday morning Adams was found by the roadside stabbed through the heart. The suspicious actions of Lewelly Roberson led to his arrest.

About a year ago the young woman with whom Adams had been riding was engaged to Roberson. The coroner's jury found that Roberson was guilty of murder in the first degree. This is the second murder which has grown out of this young woman's flirtations.

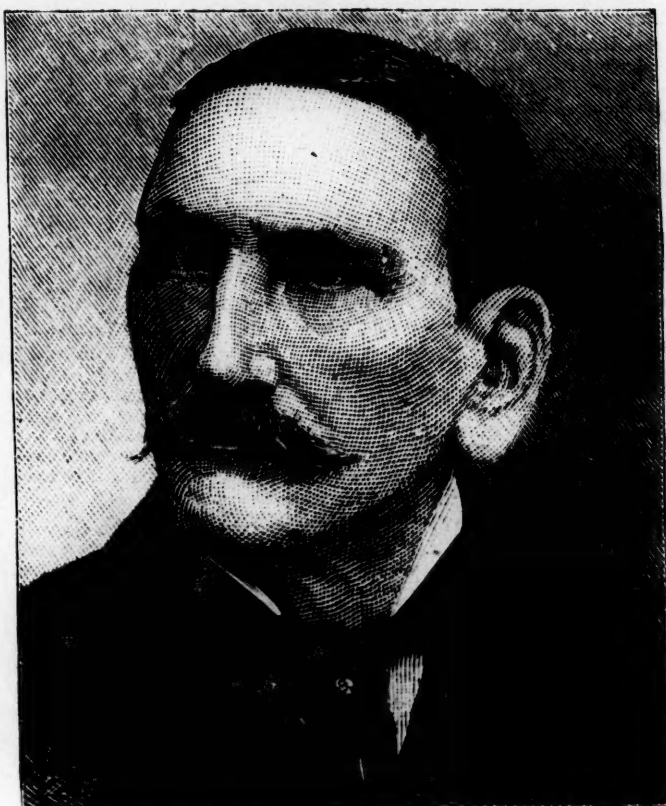
**MATSADA SORAKICHI,**

THE WONDERFUL JAPANESE WRESTLER, WHO IS ASTONISHING OUR BEST ATHLETES.

[Photo by John Wood.]

**JAMES W. SMITH,**

THE LEADING SPORTING MAN OF SEATTLE, WYOMING TERRITORY.

**NICK LANGDON,**

A WELL-KNOWN NEW YORK POLITICIAN AND SPORTING MAN.

SPORTING NEWS.

AN EYE-OPENER!

With No. 52 of the "Week's Dings," out April 5, the anniversary number, was presented a

MAGNIFICENT PICTORIAL SUPPLEMENT

The size of two pages of this paper, representing in the most picturesque and graphic manner the life of a roué in New York. No. 52 was out on April 5. Don't miss it if you have to go without your dinner.

PAT PERRY, who had agreed to fight Punch Callow in England, paid for it.

PATSY SULLIVAN has challenged Jack Dempsey to fight with or without gloves.

THE hard-glove contest between Jimmy Weeden and Benny Green, of Pittsburg, has been declared off.

A. LEWIS, prominently known in Brooklyn, was elected President of the Brooklyn Cricket Club, on April 2.

PROF. WM. C. MCLELLAN is back at his old stand, 37 John street, where he is teaching a large class of brokers.

THE Nerid Boat Club, of Brooklyn, had a first-class athletic entertainment at the Athenaeum, Brooklyn, on April 2.

TOM KEARNS' new sporting house, the Champions' Rest, 233 Bowery, N. Y., is one of the popular resorts of the Empire City.

WE have received a copy of the *Pacific Life*, a sprightly sporting journal published in San Francisco. It is full of interesting matter.

THE benefit of Dominick McCaffrey, at Pittsburg, in which he was to wind up with Wm. Sheriff, the Prussian, has been postponed.

PROF. WM. CLARK, the veteran of the prize ring, still keeps a well-patronized sporting house in Fulton street, opposite the Court house in Brooklyn.

AT J. W. BRADLEY'S sporting house, Lawrence, Mass., on April 3, there was a first-class boxing entertainment in which all the local pugilists participated.

JAMES D. SHIELDS, the amateur champion club-swinging, well known in this city, Saratoga and Florida, died of consumption, in this city, at his residence, on April 1.

R. B. CHOUER has forwarded us the "Turf Register" of horses that have trotted in 2:30 or better. The book is a valuable one, and just what the horse-men want.

THE prize fight between Martin Rooney, of Williamsburgh, and Col. Jack Jones, of Leadville, Col., is off, on account of Jones' backers not making the second deposit good.

PATRICK KIRLEY, of Pittsburg, offers to match his dog, Jack Napoleon, at 34 lbs, give or take a pound, for from \$500 to \$2,500 a side. Jack has won 12 duels and never was defeated.

ONE of the leading sporting resorts in Boston is James Keenan's new rendezvous, 35 Kneeland street. All the fixtures, are new and the walls are covered with elegant sporting pictures.

BOB SMITH, the noted trainer and ex-pugilist, will be tendered a benefit at Billy Madden's Athletic Hall, 120 East Thirteenth street, on Thursday evening, April 10. Great attractions will be offered.

WM. STEELE, who wants to run any man in America, withdrew his \$50 forfeit from this office, but he is ready at any time to arrange a match to run any man in the world 10 miles for \$300 or \$1,000.

JAMES W. CLARK, the noted sporting man and boxer of the "Police Gazette" Shades, 422 Washington avenue, Scranton, Pa., gives a grand exhibition at his noted sporting resort every Saturday night.

THE San Francisco press stigmatize Muldoon's wrestling match with Clarence Whistler, which occurred at San Francisco on March 26, "as a successful system of robbing the condoling sporting public."

JOHN CREHAN, of Milford, and W. H. Kenison, of North Attleboro, have arranged a wrestling match. Kenison backs an Unknown against Crehan for \$100 a side, and the match is to take place at Westboro, April 15.

PROF. HARRY BOERCKEL, heavy-weight champion pugilist of Atlantic City, N. J., states that he is willing to give Patsy Leonard, of Bridesburg, Pa., \$25 to stand up with him 6 rounds, at his benefit, at Atlantic City.

JERRY MURPHY, of Bangor, a very likely-looking young man who is said to tip the scales at 230, and who is about 6 ft in his stockings, has made arrangements for a four-round glove contest with Woolf Bendoff, of London.

JOHN CONNERS, the champion wrestler of the world at catch-as-catch-can style, will be tendered an exhibition at Wilkesbarre, Pa., on Friday, April 25. Connors will on that occasion wrestle Martin Gibbons, a 200-lb athlete of Scranton.

TOM WALLING, the well-known pugilist and boniface of the "Police Gazette" Shades, will fill the position of sporting correspondent of the POLICE GAZETTE at Leadville. Col. Walling's headquarters are Harrison avenue, Leadville.

ON March 29 the dog fight between Brick, a dark brindle, weighing 32 lbs., and Carol, a white fighting dog, weighing 32½ lbs., was decided in New York city. After ninety minutes' desperate fighting Brick won, and Carol died in the pit.

BILL GOODE, the English pugilist, appears to be in as much demand in England as Charley Mitchell, the champion of England, is in this country. Nearly all the pugilists appear to be eager to fight him. But Mullens is the last to challenge Goode.

EUGENE SWEENEY, of New Bedford, champion light weight of Bristol county, would like to hear from Denny Costigan, or will fight any 125-lb man for from \$500 to \$1,000 a side. Mar and money can be found at Jas. E. Sissons' sporting house, New Bedford, Mass.

JACOB SCHAEFER, the billiard champion, says: "I will not play the matches Slosson has lately challenged me to unless he first challenges me for the balk-line championship, which I hold, and which he has all along pretended to be desirous of playing me for."

HARRY HILL's theatre, 26 E. Houston street, New York, was packed on April 3, when Jerry Murphy and Jimmy Kelly, the champion light-weight boxers, were tendered a benefit. Kelly and Murphy as usual electrified the audience by giving a rattling set to.

CHARLES COURNEY has signed the articles of agreement which bind him to row a three-mile single-scutt race with Wallace Ross at Oak Point on the 30th of May. The purse to be contended for is \$2,500, which is given by James Pilkington, of the Golden Oar, Harlem, N. Y.

AT Harry Hill's theatre, on Thursday afternoon, April 10, at 2 P. M., there will be a glove fight between Smokum and Charley Fletcher, who will box four three-minute rounds. A host of other attractions will be offered. Jimmy Kelly and Jerry Murphy will appear.

MORRIS GRANT, the retired colored heavy-weight champion pugilist, will be tendered a benefit at Germania Assembly Rooms, Seventh avenue and Twenty-sixth street, on Wednesday, April 23. He will wind up with an Unknown, or box any colored pugilist of his age in Gotham.

JOE PENDERGAST, who, I supposed, would be a prominent ornament to the prize ring after he defeated Hughie Burns, has shut up like a jack-knife. While challenge after challenge is being issued by the many pugilists, who are eager to shine as champions, the Brooklyn Hercules keeps quiet and says nothing.

AT Lynn, Mass., recently, Brockway, for the fourth time, won the diamond billiard trophy, and it is now his property. The contest was between Beede and Brockway, 200 points up. Brockway won in 81 innings, making 200 to Beede's 195, and the game was one of much interest to the large audience present.

IN Hanover township, Pa., recently, two men named Bill Jones and Will Davis fought an encounter of 80 rounds, which lasted 1½ and 3½. Both were so exhausted that they could not stand upright. The fight was witnessed by a school-teacher and her scholars. The referee declared the contest a draw.

THE oyster-opening match, at the Club theatre, Kensington, Pa., on March 23, between William Lowney, of Providence, R. I., and George Beach, of Philadelphia, was won by Lowney, who opened his 100 oysters in 3m 3¼s. Lowney opened his last oyster when Beach was knifing his ninety-third bivalve. The stakes were \$500.

PATSY LEONARD, who was to have boxed with McDevitt at the opening of the new "Police Gazette" Annex, April 5, in Bridesburg, Pa., failed to appear. It was claimed by sporting men that Leonard was afraid to face McDevitt. Two years ago he was matched to spar McDevitt at a benefit, given at McGargle's Hall, and did not put in an appearance.

THE glove fight between Harry Gilmore, of Toronto, and Bittle, of Cleveland, took place at Toronto, on March 24. Ten rounds were fought under Queensberry rules for the receipts of the house, 60 per cent to the winner, and the balance to the loser. A large crowd was present. Bittle stood off waiting for Gilmore's attack, and was knocked off his feet in the sixth round.

THE foot-race between Harry Wheatley and Fred Hurst for \$1,000, held by Richard K. Fox, was not run at Lehighton, Penn., on March 28. Jim Smith had been appointed referee by Richard K. Fox, but Wheatley and Hurst refused to run unless Richard K. Fox acted in that capacity himself, or appointed William E. Harding. The race was finally declared off and the stakes returned.

JIM SOMERVILLE and Frank Potter are reported to have fought near this city on Long Island Sound, on April 2, with small gloves, for a purse. Somerville is twenty years of age, 5 ft 7 in high, and 148 lbs in weight. Potter is twenty-three years old, stands 5 ft 7½ in, and weighs 156 lbs. Ten rounds were fought, when Somerville put Potter to sleep by a straight right-hander. Time, 1m 15s. The whole fight lasted 36m 44s, and both were badly punished.

THE Boston Herald, March 26, says: "Dominick McCaffrey, the Pittsburg pugilist, who ran away from Kilrain, of this city, has reached his level among pugilists, and it is said, will be 'boy-cotted.' It is charged against him that, because he was not admitted free to the recent Connors-Davis fight at Pittsburg, while other spectators paid \$15 each, he informed the police of what was going on, and even went so far as to point out the principals when the raid was made upon the ring."

THERE will be great sport at Pastime Park, Philadelphia, on Easter Monday, April 14, when Joe Acton and Fred Taylor, the proprietors, will give \$400 and a splendid silver cup, to be competed for as follows: \$300 for an all-American 130-yard foot handicap, for which all the principal peds in the country have entered. There will also be a handicap for novices; a dog-running sweepstakes, on the "Police Gazette" dog collar terms, for a silver cup. Also, on the same day, there will be a wrestling sweepstakes for 140-lb men.

LETTERS are lying at this office for the following parties: Thomas Atkin, L. Alanzopania, Doc Baggs, Tom. Cannon (2), Chas. E. Courtney (3), C. Duncan, Frank C. Dobson, Peter Duryea, Dick Garvin, Prof. John Haley, Thos. King (2), Geo. W. Lee, Chas. D. Lakey (3), Michael McCarthy, Wm. Muldoon (2), Geo. W. Moore, Harry Monroe, Wm. Mantell, E. Pidgeon, June Rankin, Sec'y Pastime Athletic Club, New York; Miss Ullie, Miss Minnie Vernon, Harry Woodson, Ed. Bibby, Geo. Hazael, Plunger Walton.

BILLY MADDEN, with Charley Mitchell, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office a few days ago. In regard to meeting John Kilrain, Madden said: "We will try to have the fight with Kilrain come off in New York. I don't like the Boston audiences. Mitchell could have stopped Kilrain easily in the fourth round. He had knocked him down and he was nearly out, but the audience set up a cry of foul, and after that Mitchell let up on him. Just as soon as we can make suitable arrangements for a place to fight in, the match will be made."

ON March 29, counsel in behalf of Jimmy Murray, the pugilist, made an application to Justice J. C. Dykman, holding Special Term of the Supreme Court at White Plains, for a certificate to the effect that a notice had been given of an appeal for a new trial, on the ground of exceptions taken to the charge of County Judge I. N. Mills to the jury that convicted Murray. A motion was also made that Murray be admitted to bail during the pendency of future proceedings in the case. Judge Dykman took the stenographer's notes of the charge, and reserved his decision.

WILLIAM M. WOODSIDE, the bicyclist, has begun a slander suit against Mrs. Agnes Clark, in which he asks for \$1,000 damages. The alleged slander consists in a letter which the defendant wrote to plaintiff's father, in which she represents that the bicyclist is in "close correspondence" with a low variety actress. The letter also contains the announcement that William is poorly clad, the better part of his wardrobe being held for debt. It concludes with the assertion that William is indebted for one week's board, having removed his articles from the writer's house while the occupants were asleep.

WM. LEES, the champion swimmer of the United States Navy, now on board the U. S. war-ship Colorado, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office on April 2, and stated that he was prepared to arrange a

match to swim any man in the world from 1 to 30 miles for \$1,000 a side, the race to take place on May 15. Lees' backers are the officers of the Colorado, who will back him for any amount. Lees was born in Philadelphia in 1855, of Scotch parents. He has been in the navy sixteen years, and has won numerous matches. He is said to be a wonderful swimmer, and intends to attempt to swim the Rapids at Niagara. Lees has figured in matches all over the world.

ON March 30 there was a glove contest in Tom Kearns' Champions' Rest on the Bowery, near Houston street. It appears that Jack Sing, a muscular Chinese, entered the saloon and agreed to set to with White. The gloves were produced, and White and the celestial entered the ring. The Chinaman knew just as little about boxing as a cow does about loading a gun. After a little dodging White got in his left with good effect on Sing's nose, and, swinging in his right, caught the Chinaman on the neck and knocked him through the ropes. Sing evidently had enough, for he started for the door on the double-quick without waiting for his coat, or to take off the gloves.

THE second wrestling match between W. F. Clark, of Buffalo, and Alex. Gardner, of Wheeling, for a purse of \$500, best two in three falls, came off at Turner Hall, Wheeling, Va., recently. Clark stripped at 179½ lbs, and Gardner at 194½. Mac Supple was umpire for Clark, and George Christman for Gardner. W. A. Humphrey, of St. Charlesville, acted as referee. Time was called for the first bout, collar-and-elbow, at 8:30. Gardner let go his hold to avoid a fall, and the bout was given to Clark in 10½m. The men were called for the second bout, catch-as-catch-can, at 9:22. Gardner won in 10m. At 9:52 time was called for the deciding bout, Græco-Roman. Gardner won the bout in 4m, and the match. Considerable money changed hands.

THERE was a slashing prize fight at the Abbey, near Albany, on March 26, between Coony Snickols, of Albany, and David Moody, known as "Dave from Hartford." The purse was for \$25 a side. Over 40 quick rounds were fought in 1½ 30m. The first blow that Moody struck fractured the little finger of his right hand, but he pluckily kept at work. Snickols, who weighed 230 pounds more than his opponent, proved no match for his adversary and was very badly punished. Straight-line blows were delivered with telling effect. After severe punishment he gave signs of weakening, but, cheered on by his friends, made desperate attempts to win the victory. It proved in vain, for after every repeated knock-down he failed to respond to the call for time, and "Dave" was declared the winner.

JAMES DUGREY, of Mechanicville, N. Y., and John Campbell, of Schenectady, N. Y., with about eighty invited guests, met at a favorite resort on the Schenectady road, on March 27, to witness the last cocking main of the season. The birds were furnished by Dugrey and Campbell. The stakes were \$1,000 a side, with \$100 additional on each battle. Only the elite of the cock-pit sports were in attendance. The betting was very spirited, Campbell and his friends taking long odds that Dugrey would not win a fight. Each side showed thirteen birds, of which nine between 4 lbs 2 ozs and 5 lbs 8 ozs fell in. Dugrey won the first, second, third, fourth and eighth fights, giving him the main. Dugrey has fought seven mains this winter, winning six of them, and has a fine lot of fowls to sell at moderate prices.

AT the recent boxing tournament for the New York Athletic Club boxing championship Walter De Baun and Joseph Heiser boxed for the title of amateur light-weight champion, and the judges decided the contest a draw. Heiser was awarded a medal for the championship, and the possession of the cup was disputed. The members of the New York Racket Club, who always like to see boxing, induced the pugilists to settle the question in the rooms of the Racket Club in Twenty-sixth street, New York, and on March 27 the pugilists met. It was agreed that three rounds, "Police Gazette" rules, should settle the contest. The pugilists made a grand display in the first and second rounds. In the third round De Baun forced the fighting until Heiser gave him a side cut on the head and brought the blood. De Baun beat his opponent to the ropes and tapped him, drawing blood. Heiser rallied, drove De Baun back and rained blows upon him which seemed to stagger him. De Baun recovered, but could not regain the advantage, and the round was ended with the bodies of both men besmeared with blood.

WE have received a copy of the almanac which is annually issued from Leonard and Centre streets, as an authority on sporting matters. It has heretofore been published in January, but was delayed this year, probably because in 1882 and 1883 we proved that the book, like the sketches of the Irish champions palmed off on the sporting public by the same firm, was hurriedly prepared and was not correct or reliable. We have not had time to thoroughly examine this book, but at a glance have found that many of the records are wrong, that quite a number of prominent sporting events are not chronicled, and that many of the statistics are bungled and unauthentic. The record of J. W. Byrne, of Sydney, Australia, for the best on record for standing high jump, which is 5 ft 3 in, made Feb. 9, 1884, is not recorded, and several other such like important events, are not in the book. The work is a failure, technically speaking, and full of mistakes. As a work of reference, in some matters it is useful, but on the whole it is useless, being unreliable through the clerical errors and many omissions.

A WELL-CONTESTED glove fight was decided at Cleveland, Ohio, on March 29, between Larry Fagan and Tom Robinson, the colored champion of Ohio. Fagan weighed 173 lbs, while Robinson weighed 200 lbs. The fighting was desperate, and in the second round Robinson knocked Fagan down with a fearful blow on the side of the head. Fagan slowly got up, but was knocked out again by Robinson's terrible right. In the third round Fagan was evidently rattled, and at once dropped on his knees to avoid a terrible blow of Robinson, and was struck while on his knees by the latter. A foul was claimed, but not allowed. Fagan next went to the floor by a heavy blow with Robinson's left, and after getting in some work on Robinson's head Fagan was again knocked down by Robinson, and after he rose got several stunning blows on the head, which virtually ended the fight. A foul was claimed at the end of the round, but not allowed. Fagan fought a portion of the fourth round and then gave out. The referee decided the match in favor of Robinson, and gave him the stakes and 60 per cent of the receipts.

THE match in which Charley Fletcher, the colored champion pugilist of the Fifteenth ward, and Joe Smokum, better known as "Smokum," were to meet at a place to be named by Michael Cleary, did not come off. The pugilists had agreed to fight with hard gloves. The stakes were \$20 a side, of which \$100 had been posted. They were to post the balance on April 1, before the battle began, but at that time "Smoke" offered various excuses for not fighting. He would not have any but his most particular friend, "Blouse" Davis, as referee, and to that Fletcher objected, saying, however, that he would agree to the

Hon. Eli Pearce, the man made famous by 4-11-44 "But," said "Smoke," "Mr. Pearce don't know de rules." "Well, dea, we'll jist tear up de rules and fight go-as-you-please, wid kicking, gouging and biting allowed, and I'll throw away my razor and you kin keep yours if yer please," was the bold Fletcher's reply. "Well," said "Smoke," "I don't tink I wants ter fight anyway, 'cause I's goin' ter take Luce Brown ter a racket ter-night, and I don't want ter disappoint her," and the valiant Smoke left the place. Fletcher received the forfeit money.

A WRESTLING match was arranged at the POLICE GAZETTE office on April 1 between Edwin Bibby and August Schmidt, the champion of Germany. The following agreement explains:

POLICE GAZETTE OFFICE, April 1, 1884.
Articles of Agreement, entered into at the POLICE GAZETTE office, this 1st day of April, 1884, between August Schmidt and Edwin Bibby.

The said August Schmidt and the said Edwin Bibby do hereby agree to wrestle, according to the "Police Gazette" rules of Græco-Roman wrestling, best two in three falls, for the sum of one hundred (\$100) dollars a side and the gate receipts, the winner to receive sixty per cent, and the loser forty per cent, of said receipts, less \$116 expenses for rent of hall, printing, etc. The match to take place at Clarendon Hall, New York, within two weeks from date above named. The men to wrestle between the hours of 8 and 9 P. M.

In pursuance of this agreement the sum of \$50 a side is now deposited with Richard K. Fox, who shall be final stakeholder and appoint the referee. The final deposit to be made at this office on Thursday morning, April 10, between 11 and 12 o'clock.

Witness,
CHRISTIAN GOETZ,
W. E. HARDING.

AUGUST SCHMIDT,
EDWIN BIBBY.

THE following parties called at the POLICE GAZETTE office during the week: Edwin Bibby, Aug Schmidt, wrestler, Berlin, Germany; Christian Goetz, Charles Nagle, James Patterson, Frank Stevenson, Col. Dusenbury, G. A. B.; Mike Murphy, N. Y. P. O.; Col. Chas. S. Spencer, Steve O'Donnell, Prof. Wm. McClellan, Harry King, Gas Hill, Dr. John E. Ward, James Wakeley, Wm. Regan, George Pearce, F. Nehrbas, Pat Logan, Mike Coburn, Charley Norton, Bill James, ex-Alderman Terry Duffy, John McElhinney, Liverpool, Eng.; H. E. Nickler, R. Fitzgerald, dramatic agent; John Robinson and Wm. Tounney, Philadelphia, Pa.; Napoleon Campana (Old Sport), Bridgeport, Conn.; Tommy Barnes, Geo. Young, Young Trotters, John P. Fox, Joe Coburn, John Charles, Bob Smith, Tom Davis, John Lawrence, trainer John Morrissey; Harry Campbell, advertising agent Globe Dime Museum, city; John Love, Harry Herber, Dan Doran, Johnny Saunders, Jack Dempsey, Frank Smith, Prof. Walter Watson, Jas. Brown, E. Morgan, Hail H. Stoddard, James Dugrey, Ed. Mallahan, Parson Davies, Chicago; Roundsman Quigley, Capt. James C. Daly, Wm. Campbell, Wm. Snellbacker, ex-Alderman Geo. Hall; Arthur Chambers, Fred Taylor, Wm. Sheriff, the Prussian, and James Mitchell, Philadelphia, Pa.; Matsa'a Sorakichi, Messrs. Mosher Bros., the Harlem Enterprise.

WM. STEELE, the champion runner of America, and T. C. Herbert, of Cincinnati, the famous English pedestrian, have been matched to run 10 miles for \$1,000 and the championship of America. The following are the articles of agreement:

Articles of Agreement made and entered into this, the 1st day of April, 1884, between Wm. Steele, of Blossburg, Pa., and T. C. Herbert, of Covington, Ky., to run a ten-mile foot-race for a purse of one thousand dollars (\$1,000). Each man to furnish one-half of said purse, viz., five hundred dollars (\$500). The winner of said race to take the purse of one thousand dollars and all the gate receipts after expenses are deducted. The race to take place at Brook's Running Grounds, Blossburg, Pa., on Saturday May 3, 1884, both men to be on the mark at 5 o'clock P. M. Wm. E. Harding, of the POLICE GAZETTE, to be referee and pistol-her or starter, and should he refuse, or be unable to officiate, to appoint one. The referee shall appoint a man to sell tickets at the gate, the proceeds to be handed to Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE, and by him paid over to the winner, together with the stakes, after deducting expenses. The Frank Queen Publishing Co. shall be temporary, and the POLICE GAZETTE final stakeholder. We now make our first deposit of fifty dollars (\$50); second deposit, or two hundred dollars (\$200) each, must be made on or before April 12, 1884, and the third and last deposit, of two hundred and fifty dollars (\$250) each, on or before April 28. Should either party fail to comply with the terms or conditions of these articles, said party so offending shall forfeit all moneys deposited. The referee's decision shall be final in all matters, and we hereby agree to make no appeal to a court of law. In witness whereof we hereby affix our signatures.

Witness for Steele:
JOHN LINTON.
Witness for Herbert:
ROBERT WHEELER.

WE have received several letters from Boston sporting men, who do not appear to like the paragraph in the POLICE GAZETTE in reference to the glove contest between John Kilrain and Charley Mitchell, because we stated that Kilrain would not be a match for either John L. Sullivan or Charley Mitchell. Every one is entitled to their opinion. Here is what the POLICE GAZETTE published in commenting on the affair: "The contest was one of the best ever witnessed in Boston. It proved that Kilrain with proper teaching and training may develop into a champion, but at present he is no match for either Sullivan or Mitchell." The Referee in the *Week's Dings*, who is well posted on prize ring matters, says: "The four-round glove contest between John Kilrain and Charles Mitchell proved that Boston has turned out another pugilist who may yet be a candidate for the championship. The pugilists boxed four three-minute rounds, and on points Mitchell of course had the best of the contest, but Kilrain turned out to be such a tactician, and stood the many terrific blows he received so well, that he won great credit, and several claimed that he had the best of the encounter, but that is Boston-like. Kilrain, I must say, is a powerful hitter and unquestionably game. He put great force in his blows, but he appears to retreat when he delivers. He is not in the same class with Sullivan and Mitchell, but may be considered on a footing with Mervine Thompson. Personally, Kilrain is a modest, unassuming fellow. James Keenan, his backer, thinks he can whip any man in America except Sullivan, and Keenan is a capital judge, and, in my opinion, puts Kilrain in his class. Mitchell has not a very high opinion of Kilrain. He classes him about as good as Joe Denning. I do not agree with him on this point, for I think Denning is miles behind Kilrain, and that the latter would certainly beat Denning, either with or without gloves. Kilrain, with six months' training under a first-class teacher, will develop into a champion."

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
IN DEBILITY.

DR. W. H. HOLCOMBE, New Orleans, La., says: "I found it an admirable remedy for debilitated state of the system, produced by the wear and tear of the nervous energies."

MIKE CLEARY, the noted pugilist, will be tendered a benefit at Germania Assembly Rooms, Bowery, near Houston street, New York, on Friday evening, April 18. Cleary offers Joe Denning, the Williamsburgh pugilist, Joe Pendergast, the Brooklyn Hercules, or Dominick McCaffrey, of Pittsburg, \$100, if they are able to conquer him in four three-minute rounds; or he will present Mike Donovan, of Brooklyn, with \$100, if he manages to stand up and box him on or three rounds, according to the new Revised Queensberry rules. Cleary also states that he will give William Sheriff, the Prussian, the entire receipts of the house if he is able to conquer Cleary in four three-minute rounds. There is no bluff about Cleary's offer to the above-mentioned pugilists, and Cleary, to prove both to the pugilists and the public that he is in earnest, agrees to deposit the \$100 with Richard K. Fox prior to the exhibition.

THE Tombstone Epitaph, March 25, contains the following: "Through the courtesy of Sheriff Ward the Sullivan combination paid a visit to the condemned prisoner murderer before leaving Sunday morning. They were pleasantly received by the quintet, who laughed and joked with Sullivan during his entire stay. Kelly sent his compliments to Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE, with whom it seems he had a former acquaintance. Tex Howard, after scanning the champion closely, remarked: 'You are not as big a man as I had imagined. Sullivan. They tell me, though, you can knock any one in the world out in four rounds; is that so?' Sullivan responded that he thought he could, whereupon Tex said: 'Well, I reckon I'll have to take your word for it, for the chances are that I shall never have an opportunity to see whether you can or not, but there is a little man (pointing to Sheriff Ward) that can beat you.' 'How is that?' said the champion; 'he don't look like a fighter.' 'Well, he ain't,' said Tex; 'but he'll knock five of us out in one round next Friday morning, all the same.' Just before leaving, Sullivan complimented Tex on his good looks. Tex replied: 'Well, you're not the prettiest man I ever saw, but I'd take your mug if I had your liberty.'"

ON THIRTY DAYS' TRIAL. THE VOLTAGE BELT Co., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's Celluloid Electro Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address above, N. Y. No risk is incurred, as thirty days' trial is allowed.

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INFANTILE and Erythema, Milk Crust, Scalded Head, Eczema, and every form of itching, Scaly, Pimples, Scrofulous and Inherited Diseases of the Blood, Skin and Scalp, with Loss of Hair, cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES. Absolutely pure and safe. Cuticura, the great Skin Cure, 50 cts.; Cuticura Soap, an exquisite Skin Beautifier and only Medicinal Baby Soap, 25 cts., and Cuticura Resolvent, the new Blood Purifier, \$1, are sold by druggists. Potter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston. Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

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PHOTOGRAPHS.

Notice to Sporting Men.—Life Size Pictures of Charles Mitchell, the champion pugilist of England, will be furnished by John Woods, the well-known theatrical and sporting photographer of 218 Bowery, N. Y. The portraits of the champions are all copyrighted, and can only be furnished by John Woods, the POLICE GAZETTE photographer.

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